



# The Grail

JANUARY, 1932

*Be Yourself*

THELMA RUDGE

*Glendalough of St. Kevin*

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY

*The Matchmaker*

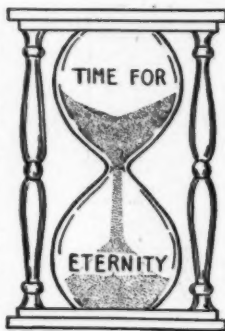
E. HOWARD

*Saint Wilfrid Goes a Fishing*

STANLEY B. JAMES

## YOUR WISEST INVESTMENT

**T**IME, the minute successive moments that make up our life on earth, is the spiritual capital, the gold dust with which we must buy heaven. Each grain is of priceless value. How many moments of your life have you squandered and lost forever by not employing them in the service of God? Do you wish to make each moment bear a thousandfold interest? Adopt our plan.



**T**HE holy vows, taken in a religious community, transform every action into an act of worship, the highest act that we can perform for the glory of God. The ordinary work of the Benedictine Brother thereby becomes the grandest prayer, the most meritorious occupation. Every moment is thus conserved for a glorious eternity. Save yourself further loss and unhappiness by enrolling in the vast Benedictine family.

Invest now by writing for further information to

*The Right Reverend Abbot, O. S. B.*

*St. Meinrad Abbey*

*St. Meinrad, Ind.*

## Academy of the Immaculate Conception

### A Commissioned High School

Conducted by the Sisters of St. Benedict

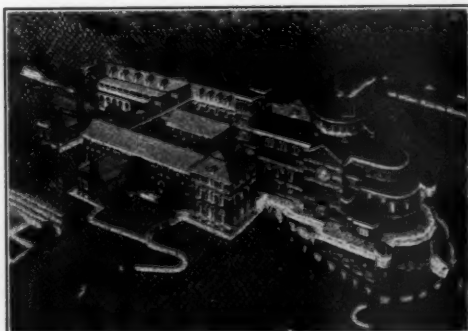
**Ferdinand, Indiana**

The Academy is a boarding school for girls and young ladies, commissioned by The Board of Education of the State of Indiana to confer on its graduates all the Privileges and Rights of a Commissioned High School. It is equipped with special facilities for the study of Music and Art. The location is healthful and the grounds are extensive and beautiful. The Building is well equipped for educational work.

Aims: Physical Health, Solid Knowledge, Cultivated Manners, Thorough Moral and Religious Training. For particulars address:

**Sister Superior**

**Academy of the Immaculate Conception  
FERDINAND, INDIANA**



**Price**

30¢ each  
4 for \$1.00  
12 for \$2.70  
postpaid



*"Buy a 1932 Catholic  
Art Calendar from St. Meinrad  
and help build a Scholarship Fund"*

## The New 1932 Catholic Art Calendar

14 pages. Size 9 x 17 inches. Reproduced in the 4 color Process Printing.

In every home, rich or poor, Catholic or Protestant, calendars of all kinds are displayed. No better appreciative gift that will last the whole year thru has as yet been discovered. Why not therefore lay in your supply now?

Spare Hours: Agents wanted to represent us. Write for special offer. Address Benedictine Fathers, Calendar Dept., St. Meinrad, Indiana.

It is the purpose of our Catholic calendars to give correct information to the Catholic family just when they want it. It points out the holydays wherein Catholics are obliged to attend Holy Mass; it gives the feast days; saints days; ecclesiastical cycles, as Lent, Advent, Pentecost, etc. It marks with a fish printed in red color all abstinence days, ember days, and days of Lent when one must abstain from meat.

### Order Blank

Benedictine Fathers,  
St. Meinrad, Indiana

Enclosed find \$..... Kindly send me.....  
1932 Art Calendars.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

## 300 Masses Annually

for membership for life and after death in the Union of Masses. Enrollment dues Twenty-five Cents. (never to be renewed)

ST. PETER CLAVER SODALITY  
FOR THE AFRICAN MISSIONS,  
3624 W. Pine Bl., St. Louis, Mo.



# FREE

TO ANY CATHOLIC

Sending name and address, we will mail this handsomely modeled Sacred Heart of Jesus Ring, guaranteed Silver oxidized finish Absolutely Free without one cent of expense to you.

Dale Mfg. Co., Dept. H-86, Providence, R. I.

## Our Scholarships

MOTHER OF GOD SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3833.72. Total: \$3833.72.

St. JOSEPH SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3474.90. Total: \$3474.90.

St. BENEDICT SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3318.96. K. A. R., Ala., \$2. Total: \$3320.96.

St. ANTHONY SCHOLARSHIP. Previously acknowledged: \$3022.79. H. J. T., Mass., \$5; K. T., Pa., \$2. Total: \$3029.79.

Massachusetts: M. A. H., \$5; Michigan: G. H. S., \$5; Minnesota: J. W. P., \$1; New Jersey: Mrs. A. C., \$1; New York: Mrs. W. R., \$1; J. D., \$2; E. T., \$1; L. J. B., 25¢; Pennsylvania: J. D., \$2. Wisconsin: Mrs. C. C., \$1. Total: \$6517.73.

## For Benedictine Missions in Korea

Previously acknowledged: \$784.75. N. N., O., 50¢; N. N., Ind., \$2; J. P., N. J., \$5; H. J. B., N. Y., \$2.50. Total: \$794.75.

Address all communications to

THE ABBEY PRESS,

St. Meinrad, Indiana.

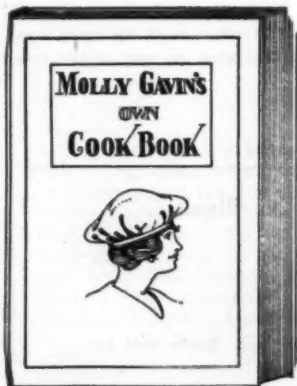
## Our Grail Building Fund

Previously acknowledged: \$6488.48. California: c/o REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B.  
K. S., \$4; Iowa: J. S., \$3; Kentucky: E. T., \$3;

# Every Housewife will Welcome

# A

## Molly Gavin's Own Cookbook



Prepared especially for the Catholic woman

\* \* \* \* \*

Contains about 3000 hints and recipes, old favorites and new

\* \* \* \* \*

AN IDEAL GIFT

\* \* \* \* \*

Bound in a white, washable cover

Sent to any address for ONE DOLLAR. Address all requests to

Book Department

THE ABBEY PRESS

ST. MEINRAD, INDIANA



# The Grail

## A National Popular Eucharistic Monthly

VOLUME 13

JANUARY, 1932

NUMBER 9

### CONTENTS

TIME'S BIRTHDAY—(Poem) .....	Dom Hugh G. Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.	388
EDITOR'S PAGE .....		389
LITURGICAL JOTTINGS .....	Victor Dux, O. S. B.	390
YULETIDE—(Poem) .....	Charles J. Quirk, S. J.	390
AFTERNOONS IN ROME .....	Nancy Buckley	391
GLENDALOUGH OF ST. KEVIN AND THE SEVEN CHURCHES .....	Louise M. Stacpoole Kenny	393
THE MATCHMAKER .....	E. Howard	396
MOTHER COLUMBA COX—VISITATION NUN ..	Sr. M. Frideswide, O. S. B.	399
BE YOURSELF .....	Thelma Rudge	404
THE ELDER BROTHER—(Poem) .....	Anna Nelson Reed	408
MYSTERY—(Poem) .....	Stanley S. Schnetzer	408
SAINT WILFRID GOES A FISHING .....	Stanley B. James	409
SPIRITUAL CONFERENCES FOR COLLEGE MEN ..	Burton Confrey, Ph. D.	413
NOTES OF INTEREST .....		416
COMPARISON—(Poem) .....	Katheryn Ullmen	416
TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR—(Poem) .....	Margaret C. Moloney	416
OMELETTE—(Poem) .....	Eppie Cure	416
KWEERY KORNER .....	Rev. Henry Courtney, O. S. B.	417
OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONS .....	Clare Hampton	418
CHILDREN'S CORNER .....	Agnes Brown Hering	420
ABBEY AND SEMINARY .....		424
MAID AND MOTHER .....	Clare Hampton	426

THE GRAIL, a national, popular Eucharistic monthly for the family, is edited and published by the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Indiana.

Member of the Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada.

REV. BENEDICT BROWN, O. S. B., Editor.

REV. EDWARD BERHEIDE, O. S. B., Business Manager.

New Subscriptions and Renewals \$3.00 per year, \$5.00 for two years.

Canada, 25 cents additional; foreign, 50 cents additional per year.

Subscribers to THE GRAIL are benefactors of St. Meinrad's Abbey. On each day of the year a High Mass is offered up for our benefactors. In November a Requiem is offered up for deceased benefactors.

Entered as second-class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U. S. A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1927; authorized June 5, 1919.

When you send in a change of address, or a complaint, please include with your letter the wrapper or the corner of the magazine on which your name and address appear.

Make all checks, drafts, postal and express money orders payable to "The Abbey Press." Do not use or add any other name.

Address manuscripts to the editor.

Address all business letters pertaining to subscriptions, change of address, advertising, etc., to "The Abbey Press," St. Meinrad, Indiana.

## *Time's Birthday*

*Dom Hugh G. Bevenot, O. S. B., B. A.*

When a bird hath flown a fair sweeping course,  
It deftly rounds back again;  
When the yacht hath sped the whole length of the lake,  
It tacks with a shiver and a strain.

And the very sea with voluble roar  
Falls back from the buffeted strand;—  
Yet it sidles right up again to the shore,  
And the sea shells dance on the sand.

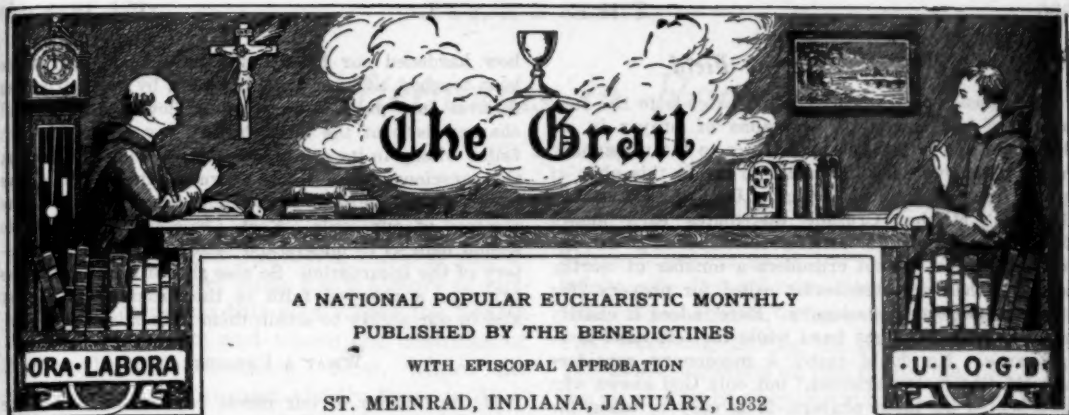
Praise these quivering waters, that for ever entwine  
Our wonderful earth as it swings  
Its sun-poised way, for they glitter and shine  
And their cloud-breath flutters like wings!

Praise the ebb and flow in the firmament  
'Neath the rhythmic charm of time,  
Ye children of men! whose days are spent  
(Whatever your land or clime)

In waking and sleeping,—in love and in hate,  
In hope (—or in blank despair?)  
In blessing (or cursing?) when crushed 'neath the weight  
Of black debt,—praise the coming New Year!

For the Past hath rolled back like the waves of the deep,  
And a time of fair promise begins,  
For those who can shake off the numbness of sleep  
And break with their "time-honored" sins.

The new high-tide of grace deigns to obliterate  
Our past falls in the quicksands of time;  
Our birthright revives and doth all re-instate  
Who praise God for the New Year's chime.



Official Organ of the INTERNATIONAL EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE FOR THE UNION OF CHRISTENDOM

### *Happy New Year!*

To wish one's neighbor a "Happy New Year" is a mark of Christian charity, which should characterize us all. This greeting should not be merely a token of politeness or a matter of custom, albeit a time-honored custom. For this reason the New-Year greeting should come warm from the heart. To have our neighbor's welfare at heart is truly Christian.

May the blessing of God rest upon us all throughout the entire year. If at any time, surely now we have need of this blessing in the great distress that, like a mighty cancer, is spreading throughout the country. May God give the rulers and leaders of our land a guiding hand and the spirit of true leadership to pilot us safely past the rocks that threaten shipwreck.

Happy New Year to all!

### *Cheer Up! Laugh a Bit!*

Cheerfulness is from heaven, gloominess is not of God. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, say the Scriptures. Be a cheer leader, a ray of sunshine, a dispenser of good cheer. Cheerfulness is contagious. Be cheerful yourself and communicate the spirit of good cheer to your neighbor, who may have put the wrong foot out of bed first when he got up in the morning. Cultivate cheerfulness, radiate cheerfulness, be an apostle of cheerfulness.

The following words on the dispensing of good cheer are ascribed to William Howard Taft: "You can be engaged in no better vocation than making people laugh. Humor is like the buffer between two heavy railroad cars. It is a shock absorber. It makes the journey through the years easier, and brightens the pathway all along the route. We Americans could not get along without humor."

### *The Charity Boomerang*

Because of the depression that encircles the globe, and the consequent distress throughout the land, a phantom, clad in the innocent garb of sweet charity, like a will-o'-the-wisp, darting hither and thither and

appearing here and there at sundry times and in sundry places, whispers ways and means for the relief of the poor and the needy. At one time she would give to this worthy cause the pittance derived from "charity balls"—with costly gowns designed and made especially for the occasion; at another time she would dispense the proceeds of a "charity supper"—whose tables are laden with tempting viands for the inner men—of course, after all expenses have been deducted. These and other charity to-do's with a "come back," which only too often serve first the donor and then—perhaps—"your humble servant," are rightly looked upon with suspicion. What is not sometimes perpetrated under the disguise of charity?

A case in point. Late in the fall it was announced that several of the universities in the East, whose football teams had been drawing enormous crowds—the depression to the contrary notwithstanding, would share with the poor the profits derived from their games. That was magnanimous. But what were the actual results? What was netted for charity? Ask of the winds that churn the Atlantic into fury with raging billows mountain-high and mountain-deep.

Towards the end of November the press carried reports of a "charity football game" that was played in a large eastern city. The gate receipts of this particular game amounted to \$75,000, which apparently is no mean sum. Surely the poor would come in for a "hand-out" but a "devil a bit" of it they got. What was their share? Well, that's another story.

As a slight inducement to the contesting teams the princely sum of \$30,000 each was guaranteed. Besides this, \$15,000 was the price paid for the rental of the park, and it took \$3,000 to operate the stadium. Moreover, \$18,000 was paid for printing, officials, advertising, and incidentals. Thus, to stage this big game, it cost \$96,000. When one recalls that the gate receipts were only \$75,000, it doesn't require a course in higher mathematics to determine how much went to charity. Is further comment necessary? The rich departed richer, while the hopes of the poor were frustrated.

### *The Hero on the Field*

The mission field of the Church extends to the four points of the compass. The alms of prayer is, no doubt, an asset of prime importance to the missionary in his extensive field. In order to solicit this alms of prayer the St. Meinrad Seminary Unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade distributes each month several thousands of leaflets, recommending to the prayers of the student crusaders a number of worthy causes. The December leaflet asked for prayers "for the most neglected missionary." Here indeed is charity meted out by the right hand while the left hand is in ignorance. No doubt many a missionary considers himself "the most neglected," but only God knows who is benefited by these prayers. It is easy to labor for the Lord, even in persecution-reft and famine-stricken countries when well-disposed "friends back home" can be relied upon to supply the necessary "wherewithal," but to trudge on day after day in a forsaken corner of the earth, abandoned alike by natives and "friends back home," that is heroism of the highest type. It is easy to preach the Savior from marble pulpits in vaulted churches; to instruct tidy little cherubs in spacious, well-ventilated classrooms; but to wade icy streams or cross miles of waste land to comfort a dying grandfather who lies on the bare ground, the floor of a squalid hut—that is something else. But we doubt not that the latter is more Christlike. Yes, let us unite our prayers to those of the Student Crusaders for neglected missionaries. Our prayers may mean more towards their success than thousands of dollars spent in magnificent churches. Prayer may be the widow's mite—but it is welcome.—J. P.

### *Liturgical Jottings*

VICTOR DUX, O. S. B.

#### NEW LIGHT—NEW FAITH

As we stand at the wide-flung portals of the New Year and eagerly scan the long vista of the days and weeks before us, there comes to our alert ears the echo of the Church's prayer in the second Mass of Christmas Day:

Grant, we beseech Thee, Almighty God, that we, who are bathed in the new light of Thy Word made Flesh, may show forth in our actions that which shineth in our minds by faith.

It is well that we remind ourselves of this petition now—at the beginning of another year. Since new enthusiasm is unleashed in men's hearts and New Year's resolutions are in season, it is but proper that we marshal all our spiritual forces to make our resolutions worthwhile and pleasing to God. Let us, therefore, be heartened by the knowledge that we are living in that flood of new light which emanates from the Crib of the Infant Savior of the world. No matter

how hardened our hearts may have been, they have been touched, at least some little bit, by the Christmas festival just past. The spirit of love—the essential characteristic of the Savior's birthday feast—has not failed wholly in its salutary result; which means that the consciousness of God's nearness, the effect of the bath of new spiritual light, has penetrated into the recesses of our souls. Each Christmas we celebrate should help us to understand better the beautiful mystery of the Incarnation. So also should each Christmas bring us a renewed faith in the promises of Christ and in our ability to attain them with His help.

#### WHAT A CATHOLIC IS

If the interior of our minds be illuminated by the replenished fires of a renewed faith in the truths of our eternal salvation, our outward actions ought to show a corresponding alertness. For this the Church prays in the prayer quoted above. By "abounding in good works," as we are told in the Sunday's Mass within the Octave of Christmas, we show that "we are born of God and are become His children." Christmas, moreover, makes us feel even more closely related to God than children are to their father. There is a sense of participation, of intimate union. St. Augustine says, "The whole Christ is Jesus Christ and all Christians. He is the head, we are the members." In this very truth lies the definition of a Catholic. A Catholic is a member of a living organism; and of that organism Christ is the head, the director, the controller. Every element of doctrine and of vital soul-activity comes to the Catholic through a single channel, Jesus Christ, by the outward contact He maintains with the Church founded by Christ. "By means of living the liturgy whole-heartedly," writes Dom Lambert Beauduin, O. S. B., "Christians become more and more conscious of their supernatural fraternity, of their union in the mystic body of Christ." Now, dear reader of the LITURGICAL JOTTINGS, just what are you going to do about this matter of living the liturgy whole-heartedly? Your good resolutions for this year are now in order!

#### *Yuletide*

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

The earth was fair with whitest snow,  
The skies were hung with stars,  
When little Jesus came below,  
To break Death's sad, dark bars.

The heart that sought unworthy things  
Now turns to heights above;  
It hears the swift, white rush of wings,  
It seeks to know God's love.

The nobler aims of life are found:  
Service and sacrifice;  
Now earth with Heaven itself is wound,  
So near is Paradise.



## Afternoons in Rome

NANCY BUCKLEY

A balmy April afternoon finds the pilgrim going to the Forum where, in spite of all that has been destroyed, there is still so much to see. Every stone has a history of surpassing interest on this spot where the Senate had its assemblies and where the destinies of the world were discussed. Now, where the heart of Rome once beat vividly there is desolation; the temples are fallen, the pagan sanctuaries are crumbled into dust, monuments and columns lie scattered and broken on the ground; only a few porticoes remain to help him form some idea of the magnificence and splendor of the ancient empire.

The origin of the Forum goes back to the alliance of the Romans and Sabines. It was a space surrounded by marshes and extended between the Palatine and the Capitol, occupied by the two colonies, and serving as a neutral ground where they could meet. The site of the Forum below the entrance, is occupied by the Basilica Giulia, begun by Julius Caesar and finished by Augustus. The first Christian churches were built on the plan of the Roman Basilicas.

The Via Sacra, or Sacred Way, so called because sacred to the laws of hospitality, skirted the area of the Forum. Near the beginning of the Sacred Way stands the Arch of Septimius Severus. The Rostia is near the spot where the funeral of Julius Caesar took place. In the rear beyond the modern, wide, level road, stood the Mamertine Prison, which the pilgrim will visit later.

The Temple of Concord, the Temple of Saturn, the Arch of Tiberius, the Temple of Castor and Pollux, the Temple of Vesta, in which the sacred fire was preserved—all have vanished, crumbled into dust by the mighty hand of time, and naught remains of all their majesty and splendor but a few scattered columns. As a poet has written:

"In many a heap the ground  
Heaves, as if Ruin in a frantic mood  
Had done its utmost. Here and there appears  
An idle column—a half buried arch,  
A wall of some great temple."

The view from the top of the Palatine is enchanting, especially when the setting sun flames a golden glory over Rome. From this lovely site the pilgrim descends to visit the Mamertine Prison, where Saints Peter and Paul were cast during the persecution of Nero. The prison consists of two dungeons, one below the other, "with only one round aperture in the center of each vault through which alone light, air, food and men could pass." The lower dungeon has been described as a dark, frightful, filthy den, and here the great saints lay for eight or nine months, bound with chains to the walls.

Yet the apostolic work went on and, there being no water wherewith to administer baptism, St. Paul prayed, and the miracle source sprang up, which continues until to-day.

Above the prison is the chapel of St. Peter in Carcere, where an ancient miraculous crucifix is venerated. Close to the prison is the handsome church of St. Martina. This young saint was of illustrious birth, distinguished for her charity to the poor. She suffered a cruel martyrdom, and the marble statue under the altar shows us how brutally she was beheaded. She is regarded by Rome as one of its special patrons.

In the crypt there is a beautiful chapel designed by Pietro di Cortona, who showed his love for St. Martina by erecting at his own cost this exquisite receptacle for her shrine.

The Angelus bells are softly ringing as the pilgrim goes homeward, his mind filled with the memories of a happy afternoon in Rome.

\* \* \* \* \*

The visitor is not very long in Rome before he finds his way to the great galleries that contain the art gems of the world.

One afternoon, being near the Piazza del Tritone, he enters the Barberini Gallery in the Palazzo Barberini. The treasures of this collection are the Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto; Christ among the Doctors, by Albert Durer, said to have been painted in five days; the Fornarina by Raphael, with the painter's

name on the armlet; and Guido Reni's masterly portrait of Beatrice Cenci.

The interest of the collection centers on this picture. It represents a girl's head; a very beautiful young face enveloped in white drapery, from beneath which some locks of auburn hair have fallen. There is an indescribable look in the eyes, a look of pathetic resignation to a deep sorrow. It has been said that this is the saddest picture ever painted and the loveliest. It is impossible to forget the picture. Some stories say that Guido Reni painted it the night before her execution; some others say that he saw her on the way to the scaffold and painted the haunting memory of her loveliness and grief. The observer feels the girl's sorrow as if it were his own, and gazes spellbound into her beautiful eyes.

Leaving the gallery, the visitor continues up the Via Quattro Fontana, and turns down the Via del Quirinale to the exquisite church of St. Andrea del Noviziato.

This little gem among churches, built from designs of Bernini, is considered by him one of his best works. The interior is oval in form and extremely rich. It has an oval dome, and above that another little dome, both of which are covered with wonderful frescoes. In the chapel on the left of the high altar stands the shrine of St. Stanislaus Kostka, who was a novice in the novitiate of St. Andrew near the church.

The room where the young saint died is still shown. Each year on the day of his death, November thirteenth, thousands visit this hallowed spot. A very lovely statue of the dying saint, a masterpiece by Le Gros, occupies the center of the room. His habit is of black marble, his face, hands and feet of white marble, and the couch upon which he lies, of yellow marble.

There are two altars in the room, one at the right and one at the left of the statue. Prayer rises readily in the heart in this venerated spot, prayer to the young Stanislaus who abandoned the world to seek the good things of eternity.

An electric tram brings the visitor to the shrine of another young saint, that of St. Agnes who suffered martyrdom in her thirteenth year by being stabbed in the throat.

The beautiful church of St. Agnes stands

about a mile and a half from the Porta Pia, and is one of the gems of mediaeval Rome. The Saint's family owned a villa on this spot, and here, after her martyrdom, they buried her remains on their own property. Emperor Constantine built the church in 324 at the request of his daughter Constantia, who was cured of hopeless leprosy while praying at the tomb of St. Agnes. Pope Honorius restored it in the seventh century and it was remained practically the same during all these centuries.

The church lies considerably below the level of the road, and is entered by a staircase of marble steps lined with inscriptions from the catacombs. Beneath the high altar enclosed within a silver shrine, are the bodies of St. Agnes and her foster sister, Emerentia. Each year on the feast of St. Agnes, January 21st, High Mass is followed by the blessing of two little lambs, emblems of innocence and sacrifice. Later they are taken to the Vatican and presented to the Pope.

The air of the church seems filled with a subtle fragrance, sweet perfume of the life and death of the little Roman girl who followed Christ on the bitter Via Crucis that leads to eternal joy.

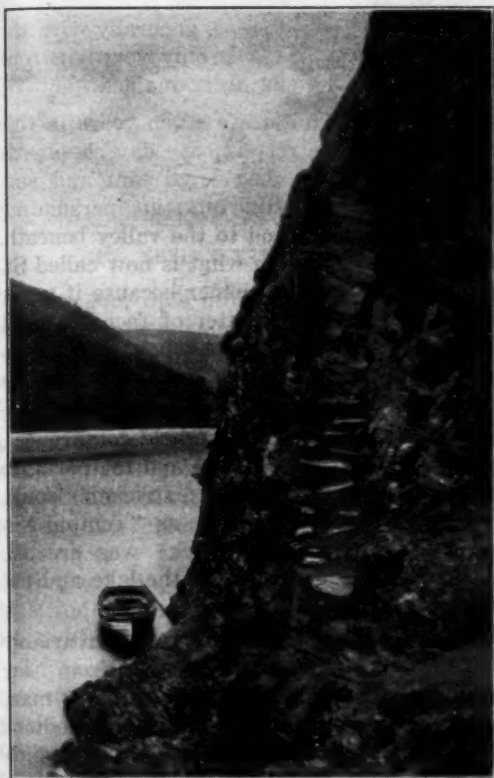
From the left aisle of the church the visitor enters the catacombs of St. Agnes, among the most interesting of the catacombs of Rome. The walls on both sides have horizontal niches, and each niche once contained one or more bodies. Besides many of the graves is scratched on the mortar the palm of victory, indicating that here was laid the body of a martyr. At various intervals in the gallery is a doorway entering into a chamber. One of these was evidently used as a chapel. It has a tomb-altar in the wall, and its roof is richly painted.

It is hard to believe that Christians in the days of persecution sought refuge in these dark recesses and remained for weeks in these living tombs. The visitor to Rome in the Anno Santo, 1925, was inexpressibly thrilled at the thought of those far-off days when from "the dens and caves of the earth" came forth the glorious band of the followers of Christ; came forth to die, nay—rather to live forever in the courts of Heaven.

The Eucharist is the nourishment of saints.

# Glendalough of St. Kevin and the Seven Churches

LOUISE M. STACPOOLE KENNY



PATH TO ST. KEVIN'S BED—GLENDALOUGH

By that Lake, whose gloomy shore  
Skylark never warbles o'er,  
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,  
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep.  
"Here at least," he calmly said,  
"Woman ne'er shall find my bed."  
Ah! the good Saint little knew  
What that wily sex can do.

—MOORE, "By that Lake whose Gloomy Shore."

TRADITION tell us that Glendalough has always been a dark and gloomy spot so far as sunlight and sunshine are concerned—the inky waters of the Lake are never brightened by a stray sunbeam, even when King Sol is at his most radiant glory he cannot brighten its brown-black depths. Now we consider this

a popular fallacy, we have seen the sun kiss both the water and the land and the dancing ripples play fairylike round the shore. The prevailing darkness of the water is of course due to the perpendicular cliffs that rise steep and straight heavenward.

There is another quite thrilling legend, the one related with such charm and pathos by the poet, Thomas Moore, (a continuation of the verses quoted above) it runs—

'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—  
Eyes of most unholy blue!  
She had loved him well and long,  
Wished him hers, nor thought it wrong.  
Wheresoe'r the Saint would fly,  
Still he heard her light foot nigh;  
East or West, where'er he turned,  
Still her eyes before him burned.

On the bold cliff's bosom cast,  
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;  
Dreams of heaven, nor thinks that e'er  
Woman's smiles can haunt him there.  
But nor earth nor heaven is free  
From her power, if fond she be:  
Even now, while calm he sleeps,  
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

Fearless she had tracked his feet  
To his rocky, wild retreat;  
And when morning met his view,  
Her mild glances met it too.  
Ah! your Saints have cruel hearts!  
Sternly from his bed he starts,  
And with rude, repulsive shock,  
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

Glendalough, thy gloomy wave  
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!  
Soon the saint (yet ah! too late,)  
Felt her love, and mourned her fate.  
When he said, "Heaven rest her soul!"  
Round the lake light music stole;  
And her ghost was seen to glide  
Smiling o'er the fatal tide.

This, it is needless to say, is undoubtedly a fairy tale. The true story is that Kathleen, the fair maid of Glendalough, rather fancied the good-looking young Kevin, and not realizing he was a saint in the making, accosted him gaily, and smiled a sweet, encouraging smile upon the shy lad.



But he was not *shy*, he was an ascetic, like many of the old Irish saints of the ancient days, and had no use for girls; so one morning, when the lovely Kathleen, more friendly even than her wont, instead of replying with a laugh and a jest to her affectionate greeting, Kevin threw himself into a field of nettles, gathered a bunch, and forthwith scourged the lively damsel with them. One of the old biographers remarks: "The fire without extinguished the fire within."

This drastic method of curing an unwanted and unreciprocated affection, evidently was successful, for Kathleen seems to have gone out of Kevin's life; however, we hear that she became a holy and God-fearing woman and died in the odor of sanctity, probably some years before Kevin, as he lived to the great age of a hundred and twenty, having done much good in his day, founding a school of learning at Glendalough, a school that attracted many of the most famous and erudite men to the lonely fastness of wild Glendalough.

One of the most famous, perhaps the most distinguished scholars of this mountain glen academy, was the great Saint Laurence O'Toole, Archbishop and patron of Dublin; yet it is Kevin's personality that still attracts—though hundreds of years have passed, it dominates Glendalough. Just as Assisi is all Francis, son of Pietro Bernadone, the marvellous Seraphic Saint, Il Poverello, the Little Poor Man, and Annecy is all Francis de Sales—our Gentle Saint, and Antwerp is all Rubens, the

wonderful painter of so many wonderful Madonnas, so Glendalough is all St. Kevin.

First and foremost, and most romantically unique, are the bed and chair of St. Kevin. To reach it the tourist generally crosses the lake in a small boat, and must climb from the shore the steep and crooked steps, generally with the aid of the boatman. It is only very vigorous and agile folk who can do it unaided.

Kevin led a hermit's life seven years in this almost inaccessible retreat, one day shepherds tending their flocks discovered him and succeeded, not without difficulty, in persuading the holy man to descend to the valley beneath. He took up his abode in what is now called St. Kevin's Kitchen—a misnomer because it never was a kitchen. As a matter of fact the saint took up his residence there when he was induced to return from the seclusion of his mountain cell.

In the so-called Kitchen he held conferences, and gave help, both spiritual and temporal, to many distressed and sorely stricken souls. Later on the church known as "Tempul-Na-Skellig" (Church of the Rock) was erected. It is on the southern shore of the lake and not far from the "bed."

During Kevin's lifetime it was invariably crowded, men, women, and children from near and far, coming to see and hear the holy man, so that soon a larger and more commodious edifice was constructed—the cathedral, which was dedicated to Sts. Peter and Paul. It ceased, however, to be a cathedral in 1214, when the

diocese of Glendalough was united to Dublin. In the present day it is a beautiful and interesting ruin.

Other churches followed in rapid succession. Indeed, the city of Glendalough was like the city on the seven hills, it was really a city of seven churches. It is impossible to describe them, or rather their ruins, in detail in this very brief sketch. Let it suffice to cite their names—Trinity Church and Our Lady's Church, near the Round Tower. Some chroniclers claim St. Kevin is buried in this church, but the exact spot has never been dis-



GLENDALOUGH CATHEDRAL





ST. KEVIN'S KITCHEN AND ROUND TOWER

covered, and then other writers aver the holy hermit is interred near the cross called by his name. St. Saviour's Church was the latest built in the valley and tradition says it was founded by St. Laurence O'Toole. Then there are St. Kieran's Church, and Rhefert Church. The latter is of great historic interest, because, as its name indicates, it is the burial place of the kings. The chiefs of the ancient Wicklow clans were interred here, the O'Tooles, O'Byrnes, etc. The tombstone of King McMthuill, dated 1010, used to lie by, close to the south wall, but it has vanished.

There are several legends and superstitions connected with this lovely hill-surrounded, pine-scented valley. Perhaps they are fairy tales, perhaps there is some truth in them, for truth may lie at the bottom of a lake as snugly ensconced as at the bottom of a well. • They say, tell, and relate that no one is ever drowned in the lake, no matter how fierce the gale, how ruthless the storm. Personally I know of two cases in which friends of mine were in imminent danger of death—a sudden squall having tossed their frail crafts, the stormy blast suddenly dashing them almost to pieces.

There is a curious superstition, namely, if anyone picks up a small stone, on the shore, and carries it secreted on his or her person during the year, he or she will be free from rheumatism, sciatica, and the

other ailments belonging to that very undesirable and unpleasant family.

There is not a "wishing well" but there is a "wishing cross"—the Cross of St. Kevin, near which, as I have already mentioned, the body of the holy man is reputed to lie at rest. Two individuals, preferably a boy and a girl, stand at each side of the cross, their arms encircling it, their hands joined, and, according to popular belief, whatever they desire they will get; generally the lassie is supposed to wish for a good husband, and the lad for a capable

and pretty wife.

Of course, the village is full of hawkers, selling their wares, picture post cards, albums, various souvenirs, such as letter weights, paper knives, etc. But, strange to say, there is not a post office and, stranger still, indeed quite extraordinary, there is not a Catholic church in this ancient city of Catholicism, the center from which radiated so many hundreds of learned and devout men, disciples of St. Kevin and of his successors.

Now to strike a modern note, a little story of a good and pious man, to show that, nevertheless, faith and charity still abound in the erst holy city of Glendalough. Some time ago in the early years of this century a very sick and quite destitute widow woman lived in a wretched cottage on the hillside. The doctor

*(Continued on page 403)*



ST. SAVIOUR'S MONASTERY

## The Matchmaker

E. HOWARD

THE pre-Lenten card party was always well attended, and this evening the hall was crowded. Cards over, the people gathered in small crowds here and there throughout the hall, awaiting the serving of refreshments.

In one corner a party of young people had gathered at a long table, made by putting a few card tables together. Laughing at nothing at all, they poked fun at each other. At the end of the table sat Richard Delaney, silent, watching the others through half-closed lids, a trick of his when amused.

"Dick," said Jimmie Mahoney, suddenly, "why don't you get married?"

Richard regarded him a moment. "Why don't you?" he asked.

Jimmie grinned. "They'd miss me at home."

A shout of laughter followed this. Every one knew he was after Marjorie Blake and was only waiting for a chance to speak. Jimmie glanced at Marjorie, sitting opposite him, and he winked.

"Don't worry, Jimmie dear," said his sister Ann. "We'd get along somehow. But listen," turning to the rest, "if you're going to get a wife for Dick, get a good husband for Marie too."

Marie Kane, sitting next to Ann, looked up blushing. "Don't pick on me," she told them. "I'll know the right man when the Lord sends him," and rising, made her way towards the kitchen, where the lunch was being prepared.

A dozen pair of eyes followed her. Aside from being the prettiest girl in the room, she was the best liked. However, the boys never thought of flirting with her. Somehow she was different. Left an orphan at an early age, she had been reared in a convent, and was well educated. She now held a responsible position with a well-known firm, and many girls envied her, not knowing it meant hard work to get and to stay where she was. She made her home with her married brother Paul and his wife, Betty; but the latter did not make life very pleasant for her, continually reminding Marie of the fact that she had such an easy

time at the office and did not know what a hard thing housekeeping was. But Marie always listened silently and was patient for the sake of her brother, of whom she was very fond.

When she returned to the table, carrying a tray on which were plates of sandwiches and cups of coffee, she found Mrs. McGuire there laughing at their stories of finding a wife for Dick and a husband for Marie. Looking up Dick saw the girl standing there, and, jumping up, took the tray from her hands and held it while she placed the contents on the table. Mrs. McGuire watched them as they stood there. Richard, tall and dark and extremely good-looking, formed a striking contrast to the light-haired, pretty girl beside him.

In every Irish heart there is a love of romance, and Mrs. McGuire's was no exception. "Glory be," she thought, "wouldn't they make a fine pair!" But she knew better than to speak of it, contenting herself with saying: "If any of you are looking for a good husband or wife, why not pray to St. Joseph? He is the head of the Holy Family and the patron of a happy marriage."

Now, try as she might, she could not get Richard and Marie out of her thoughts. It nearly cost her a night's sleep. She had known Richard for years. His last and dearest relative, his mother, had died two years ago and he lived alone in the old family home with only the old housekeeper, Mrs. Ryan, to look after his wants. But when anyone suggested a wife, he always gave them the same answer. He would marry when he found a girl like his mother.

Mrs. McGuire sniffed at the thought. "What better could he find than Marie Kane? It's a fine wife she'd make him." But it was not till next morning, while getting breakfast, that a wild plan popped into her head.

As soon as the older ones were off to work and the children gone to school, she sat down and wrote a letter that required much thought and chewing on the end of her pen. But finally it was finished, and sealing it, she went out to

mail it, fearing to wait lest she should change her mind. She dropped it into the box and then hoped to see it come out at the bottom.

"Well, it's too late to stop it now," she said to herself. "God forgive me if I've done wrong, but I suppose he'll know I only want to help a little. It can't do any harm and it might do some good." And with this consolation she returned to the house and began her day's work.

\* \* \* \* \*

A few nights later, Marie came home from work tired and nervous. It had been an unusually hard day at the office. One of the girls had gone home with a bad headache, and Marie had tried to do the work of two people and had found it a hard task. She felt she couldn't stand Betty's scolding and complaining just now, and went directly up to her room. Dropping into an easy chair, she picked up her mail from the table—two letters and a small package.

Curious, she opened the package first, and found a small white box in which was a tiny statue. Lifting it out, she looked at it closely. It was a statue of St. Joseph!

She thought some of the girls might have sent it as a joke. They had all heard Mrs. McGuire's advice that night. Searching the wrapper, she found only the postmark: "Balham."

Perplexed, she sat staring at it, until she was aroused by Betty's voice crossly telling her that dinner was ready. Dropping the statue into her pocket, she went downstairs. One thing she decided, she would tell no one about it, and, perhaps, that way she would find the sender.

Betty, who had noticed the package, was anxious to hear about it, and asked casually: "Did you get your mail?" Marie nodded, but said nothing, and Betty, disappointed, thought she would take a peep into Marie's room, which she did at the first opportunity, but, of course, to no avail.

That same evening, Richard Delaney, having finished his solitary dinner, sat down in his library to read, when a package lying on the table caught his eye. Tearing it open quickly, a tiny statue tumbled out. Surprised, he gazed at it. It was a statue of St. Joseph, a twin to

the one now resting in Marie Kane's pocket, although he did not know that!

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he said. He remembered Mrs. McGuire's advice. "I wonder if any of those people—" He looked on the wrapper for some sign, but found only the postmark: "Balham."

He stared at the statue in his hand, and then smiled suddenly. "All right," he said irreverently, "we'll put you to the test. But she must be like my mother," and slipping the statue into his vest pocket, he made up his mind to mention it to no one.

The days of Lent passed slowly, and the young people attended all the devotions, to the gratification of Fr. McMahon. Richard often saw Marie, but paid no more attention to her than to any other girl.

Unknown to each other, they clung to their tiny statues, and many a silent prayer found its way to St. Joseph from their faithful hearts.

Easter came and the young people resumed their good times, but Marie was not always with them. She stayed at home frequently to care for the children while Paul and Betty went out for an evening.

Richard suddenly became aware that he missed her very much at these times and found the parties a bore when she was not present. He began to look for her in church, on the way to work, when he passed her house, which of late was more often than necessary.

It was early in May and a theater party had been planned for the following Thursday evening, but Marie said she could not come. The fact was, she had promised Betty to stay with the children, and nothing could induce her to break her word. Richard, who dreaded the thoughts of another party without her, had to attend a meeting that night and firmly declared he could not come.

But when Thursday evening came, he did not go to the meeting. He stayed at home and tried to read. But he was too restless. He wandered from room to room aimlessly, to the concern of Mrs. Ryan, who observed him anxiously. He was angry at himself for acting so. What was the matter with him anyway? Putting on his coat and hat, he started for a walk.

Quite unconsciously, his footsteps turned



towards the street where Marie lived. As he passed the house he could see her sitting by the table sewing, the soft glow of the lamp shining on her. She was as much alone as he was, he thought, despite the fact that she had her brother.

Yielding to a sudden impulse, he told himself he would drop in a moment for a visit with Paul, though he could have known Paul was out. He went quickly up the steps and rang the bell. Marie, answering the bell, was genuinely surprised.

"I thought you were going to a meeting to-night," she said, as she ushered him into the living room.

He laughed. "I was, but I didn't," was the laconic reply.

"I'm glad you didn't," she told him. "It isn't very pleasant sitting here alone." She checked herself.

Ere they were aware of it, they found themselves laughing and talking happily. His restlessness was all gone now. He was thinking he had never really known this girl until now. Why, she was wonderful! A baby voice upstairs called, and hastily excusing herself, Marie ran up. For a short time there was silence, then he heard her patient voice soothing the little one back to sleep.

In those few moments something happened to Richard. He realized all at once what this girl meant to him. She was good and sweet and gentle—like his mother. How blind he had been!

Marie came back into the room laughing. "When Tom wakes up he always wants a drink, and he—" She stopped. "Why, Dick, what's the matter?" looking at his beaming face.

"Nothing!" His voice was a trifle unsteady. "Only, I think I've just woke up too. Marie, I know why I didn't want to go to that party to-night. It was because I knew you would not be there. I would rather be here with you than with all the rest, only I didn't realize it till just now."

He was sure of himself now. He came over and took her hands in his. "Marie," he whispered, "I think I've always wanted you, but I was too blind to see it. Do you think you could learn to care for me, just a little?"

She looked up into his pleading face. There

were tears in her eyes and her voice was tremulous, as she answered: "Dick, you big goose!" A moment she checked herself. Why say such things at such a time? The daring familiarity of it! Yet in the same moment she plunged on: "I've always wanted you, but you didn't see it and I couldn't tell you. But it's been so long waiting!"

"It was St. Joseph who sent me here to you to-night, I believe," he said presently, when the most important confidence had been given and taken. He slipped his fingers into his pocket and brought out the tiny statue. For a second she stared at it, then with a little cry she broke from him and, running out into the hall, searched her coat pocket. She came back with her hand outstretched and showed him the twin to the statue he held in his hand!

"It came from Balham quite a few weeks ago, but there was no name and no sign of who sent it," she told him.

"Why, so did mine!" he exclaimed. "But I never told anyone about it. I'd like to know who sent it. I can't understand it. But it doesn't matter anyway. I have you now and I'll never let you go."

"I don't want you to." She laughed softly. "Dick, let's not tell anyone about the statues. It's our secret."

And he consented readily.

Paul came. He was both glad and sorry when they told him the wonderful news.

"Of course, you can have her, Dick. And I assure you, you'll never be sorry. But your gain is my loss." And he looked wistfully at Marie.

Betty took the news in an entirely different manner. "Things always came so easy to you," she said to Marie. "Just think of you going to live in that big house, and having someone to do your work. I certainly envy you." She glanced around at her own cozy little home and sighed. But Marie was too happy now to let anything annoy her.

The others received the news of the engagement with surprise. Jimmie Mahoney took all the credit. "So you took my advice after all, didn't you, Dick? Tell you what, I'm a good little adviser."

"No such thing," said Ann. "I'll bet he went to St. Joseph, didn't you, Dick?"



"Perhaps I did," said Dick, and looked at Marie. And they all laughed when Marie blushed. And no one guessed how near the truth Ann was.

But there was one other person who was happy when they told her. It was Mrs. Ryan, the housekeeper. She had been with the Delaneys for years, and thought as much of Richard as if he were her own. She had always known that some day he would bring a wife home, and only hoped and prayed that she would be worthy of him. And now it was to be Marie Kane! She knew Richard's mother would have asked for no better.

Richard's firm was sending him to Canada in July for an indefinite time, and he would not go without Marie.

So there came a great day late in June. The weather was perfect. St. Agnes's was crowded with friends and acquaintances of the young couple. Marie was beautiful in her white satin gown and shimmering veil. Jimmie Mahoney found it hard work to keep his mouth shut during the ceremony, but made up for it later.

Betty quite outdid herself in preparing her breakfast and forgot to be cross with anyone. The day was the happiest Marie had ever known, and it was with tears in her eyes that she bade them all good-bye.

That night, tired as she was, Mrs. McGuire wrote to her sister in Balham: "It worked fine! They were married this morning, and were the happiest looking couple I've seen in many a day. They never mentioned the statues, but I know what started them. He knew I was only trying to help."

But Mr. and Mrs. Richard Delaney were not thinking now of what started them. They were already started. On a train speeding north they talked and made great plans for their future.

"Dick, we'll make St. Joseph patron saint of our home," said Marie.

"Right!" Richard put his hand in his pocket and drew out his little statue. He had grown to love it these past weeks, for it had spelled happiness for him.

"The dear old saint," he said with a smile. "He certainly did it up fine, and I'm very grateful."

Marie held hers tightly clasped in her hand. "We'll keep them always, Dick," she said softly. "Think of what he has given us."

"Everything!" he answered, as he placed his hand over hers. "But—I wonder who sent them?"

## Mother Columba Cox --- Visitation Nun

SR. M. FRIDESWIDE, O. S. B.

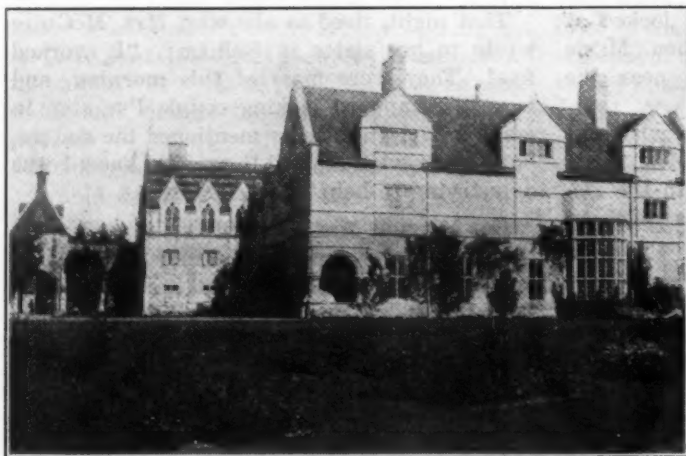
(Continued)

WITH all this active work it would be natural to think that Mother Columba did nothing else, but such was not the case. She kept guard over her actions so that they should not disturb the peaceful recollection of her soul, verifying those words of St. Augustine. "She sought always Him whom she loved."

It was not long, however, that Mother Columba was called upon to make a great sacrifice. After five years "L'Oeuvre des Tabernacle" assumed such very large proportions that the bishop judged it necessary to divide it into two sections, each under its own secular

administrator. Under these circumstances Mother Columba felt obliged to retire from the active part she had taken, but her zeal was not lessened by the sacrifice and she continued to give all her time and energy to the work.

She still continued to be the "Providence of poor Missioners" and looked upon her work as a direct offering to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. "To work for the Holy Eucharist," she would say, "diminishes the desire for death which consumes me. I would consent to live to the end of the world if I could thereby save the Blessed Sacrament from one single profanation or humiliation." She often referred to that beautiful idea of Father Faber. "That God, in creating the universe, prepared with



BROXWOOD COURT

love the precious stones and metals which were to adorn the tabernacle of the Babe of Bethlehem—that were to adorn the vestments of the priests, and the tiara of the Pope.”

One missionary, writing from Tahiti, says: “How can I ever thank you for all that you have done for me and for my mission, for the trouble you have taken in sending us those beautiful things which now adorn our poor little chapel. Be assured that I and my people pray daily for you, our Providence.”

Bishop Semeria also wrote in 1867: “The words of your good Chaplain are certainly verified, that whilst being a real Sister Columba you are also a Sister Apostle. You are a ‘dove’ for yourself, apostolic for others, a ‘dove’ to aspire to heaven, an apostle to tread the earth together with the missionaries, and, without leaving your convent, you have found means to succor and sympathize with all missionaries and be united to their works and merits; again, a ‘dove’ to draw forth the needful graces and blessings from heaven, an apostle to provide us with the means of fulfilling our apostolic work.”

The words of the illustrious martyr of the Commune, Père de Bengy, are also encouraging. He refers to the help Mother Columba had given him towards his mission of Maragon. “Continue your good work in the light that God has shown you for His greater glory and some day you will realize how good is God towards those who have helped the workers in

His vineyard. The hands of those who ‘evangelize’ are not less blessed than the feet of those who spread the Gospel.”

The Vicar Apostolic of Mysore (India), Bishop Charbonneau, expresses himself thus: “I have waited until now to give you time to supply various other Bishops with necessities, as I know all turn to the ‘Guardian Angel’ of Le Mans. I the least of all am now coming quite humbly to beg you for a few crumbs left.”

On a previous occasion he had written to inform her of the death of a young religious at his mission in whom she was inter-

ested. He says: “After a few years Our Lord comes for them, knocks at the door, and says: ‘Come, my beloved, that will suffice! I know that if you had to do the same thing for a hundred years for my sake, you would do it. Come and receive the reward for what you have done and for what you were about to do.’ Whilst I, an old gnarled tree, almost leafless, look on and say: ‘Ah, Me! Oh Lord! when is my time coming?’ And here I am vegetating for the last thirty years, and even now not much chance of fruit. You may conclude from this how much I stand in need of your prayers.”

The nuns of Le Mans owed many an apostolic visit to the work of Mother Columba. During the years from 1860 to 1869 the following dignitaries visited the convent: Archbishop Odin of New Orleans, Louisiana; Archbishop Taché of St. Boniface, Manitoba, Canada; Bishop Grandin of Alberta, Canada; Bishop Clut of Erandol, Bombay, India; Bishop Sohier of Cochin, China; Bishop Poirier of Roseau, Dominica, Leeward Islands; Bishop Quinn of Brisbane, Australia; Bishop Rogers of Chatham, New Brunswick; Bishop Elloy of Tapiza, Bolivia, South America; Rev. Dufal of Dacca, Bengal, India; Rev. Feraud of Mackenzie, Canada; Rev. Jaussen d’Axierie of the Islands of Tahiti and Paumotu; Rev. Guillemin of Canton, China; Rev. Borghero of Dahomez, Upper Guinea; Rev. Sorin, Notre Dame, Indiana; Rev. Fontaine, India; Rev.

Dallet Cochin, China; Rev. Colette, Oceanica.

Hundreds of letters from all parts of the world poured into the convent, all bearing testimony to the work of Mother Columba. The Vicar Apostolic of the Indies, Bishop Bonjeau Archer, expressed in these words his regret that he could not visit her: "Souls that work in the same faith and in the same love of the person of Our Blessed Lord have no need to see each other with mortal eyes. The heart of Jesus is their resting place. It is there, and there alone, that I can adequately return my gratitude."

Mother Columba's account book gives a great insight into the charity that supplied so many missions. The entry begins in 1854 and relates particulars about the mission of Mysore, and in Canada, the Diocese of Alberta and the Vicariates of Mackenzie and British Columbia. In 1858 mention is made of alms given to Tibet, Asia; Indiana; South America, and Dacca, India. In 1859 alms were sent to Iceland, China, and Japan, in which Mother Columba took a special interest. She contributed much towards the canonization of the martyrs of Japan. Among her collections were odd pieces of iron which she intended to be melted into church bells for these missions.

In 1860 and the following years Pondicherry, East India; Brisbane, Australia; Mangevera and Tahiti; Jerusalem; Samaria; Bima Island, East Indies; Manchuria, Chinese Empire; Tonquin, Indo-China; and Ceylon all benefitted by her charity. In 1865 Bethlehem; Beyrout; Asiatic Turkey; Egypt; Dahomeyville; Madagascar; Trinidad; Equator, Dutch Congo; Saigon Cochin China, were not forgotten.

These alms included every article requisite for the missions, from chasubles to medals, pictures and other objects of piety. Their value was incalculable. The sacred vases of the altar, censers, torches, and candle sticks formed a conspicuous part. Church linens, rituals, and other liturgical books also found their place among lamps, banners, and even an episcopal throne on the lines of her ledger.

One may well ask how an enclosed nun could have procured all these things. God Himself provided the means and her calm English char-

acter met all demands without hesitation or excitement. And notwithstanding all this responsibility she was filling high offices in the community. No duty was ever left undone to fulfill one of seeming greater importance and no one was ever inconvenienced or annoyed by these extra works of charity. Such were her business capacities that she could cope easily with all this business.

Home missions also were not forgotten and never appealed in vain to Mother Columba. Alms in goods were often offered in place of the ordinary stipend for Masses and they were far more acceptable to the priests. Her great knowledge and love for the Scriptures enabled her to carry on quite long epistolary discourses on the love of God and apostolic zeal. "Your letters," said a fervent missionary, "serve me for meditation and spiritual reading. When I see your handwriting coming, I know that it will be worth reading."

Her correspondence with her friend, Prosper Gueranger, was deep and soul-stirring. She poured out the secrets of her soul to his willing ears and he in return made her intimate with those secrets of Scripture which can only be revealed to those who hunger and thirst after the living water. It was to him that she had recourse in all her difficulties of liturgy and rubrics which concern the recitation of the Divine Office. She venerated him as a great champion of the Church and was rejoiced at hearing his splendid vindication of Papal Infallibility. Pius IX rewarded his fidelity by the highest testimonials. At this time he was Abbot of Solesmes and the great reformer of liturgical life in France. Their friendship was a replica of that of the great St. Benedict and his sister St. Scholastica and only ceased at death. Their visits were few and far between for the great Abbot was too much occupied in the direction of his Abbey to spare the time for travelling.

In the midst of all these duties and occupations Mother Columba never neglected her correspondence with her family and numerous letters were written to brothers and sisters who relied upon her for guidance in all the troubles and trials of life. The occasional visits paid by them were times of relaxation and affectionate intercourse. Nothing delighted



her so much as a visit from home. Her sister Anne Helen, whom she had prepared for her First Communion many years previously, came with her only daughter Mary Helen to put her to school in the convent under her aunt's care. She was a remarkably clever and intelligent child, docile and obedient and soon won the affection of all the nuns. She was able to help her aunt in many good works. Painting glass for the church windows was her delight. Two years passed before she returned to England. Within a very short time she married the Hon. Bryan Stapleton\* and became the mother of seven sons and seven daughters, to whom she loved to tell of the days spent at the Visitation. Mrs. Dolman spent some time at Le Mans enjoying the holy converse of her sister, Mother Columba, and the other nuns.

In 1870 the horrors of the Franco-Prussian war devastated France and the nuns knew not what to expect from day to day. The siege of Paris could scarcely be surpassed in horror and suffering, and France lay crushed under the heel of the enemy. Many large towns had fallen and Le Mans was threatened. The nuns, who lived in daily trepidation, prepared for the worst. A few days' retreat was given by an eminent Jesuit on the words of Nehemias from the Book of Esdras: "I do a good work from which I cannot descend." This is the work of religious perfection from which no trial or obstacle should withdraw the soul. Mother Columba was much struck by this fact and applied herself with renewed energy to the work

of her sanctification. But the silence and recollection which she so much valued were rudely set aside by the evils of war. Hospitality had to be provided for the troops and part of the convent was turned into barracks. The nuns had to nurse the soldiers and give outside relief to those who were wounded in the town. On account of the vast number of unburied corpses which lay about the country, the air was polluted and brought disease and pestilence. Several of the nuns fell victims to the foul disease and others were laid low. But the Prussian army had its eye upon the convent to turn it into an ambulance depot, which was only prevented by the sickness and infection that pervaded the house.

During all this trying period Mother Columba lived a life of heroism. She was the mainstay of the community and took the place of the superior who was ill with fever. She nursed the sick, settled business with the government officials, and was at the beck and call of everyone. At last she caught the infection, which in a few days laid her at death's door. There she lay for many weeks struggling between three maladies. The last sacraments were administered and she, thinking that her last hour had come, begged the chaplain to ask the community to sing the "Nunc Dimittis," so anxious was she for heaven. He replied that it was not the custom and under the circumstances quite uncalled for. He hoped that she was not going to die and wished to cool somewhat her ardor for heaven. His prayers prevailed, a change for the better took place, and Mother Columba had to resign herself to return to health.

The war came to an end with the capitulation of Paris and the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, and peace once more reigned in the country. In 1872 Mother Columba had the great delight of welcoming her brother Richard and his wife and family. He had married Maria Teresa Weld, a member of a very holy and distinguished family. She had brought up ten children, all of whom she brought to see their aunt. Richard greeted his sister at the grille with these words: "Behold us and the children whom God has bestowed upon us," and he pointed each one out to her. It was indeed a beautiful picture as they all stood round to

\* According to Burk, the great authority for the peerage, the Dolmans of Pocklington, Yorkshire, are the direct claimants for the Stapleton Baronetcy; therefore Mrs. Stapleton could have inherited the title of her own right if it had not been in abeyance. Burk's wish that it should be reclaimed was frustrated by Mrs. Dolman who from a religious point of view looked upon titles as dangerous and worldly accessories and she could not be persuaded to allow her husband to accept it. It is still in abeyance.—When Mother Columba received a letter from her sister, Mrs. Dolman, stating that she had a dream which decided her opinion to oppose any claim to the title, Mother Columba replied that such an idea was quite wrong, because people should consider the good of the family more than their own individual inclinations, especially in the case of Catholic families where a greater good can be done by taking one's place in society than by hiding oneself behind the barrier of supposed humility.



welcome her and vied with each other for the first word and kiss. They spent several weeks in the town and each member of the family deemed it a sacred duty to have a private talk with their aunt and ask her advice in their difficulties. So convinced were they of her sanctity that one of the children asked her for a relic of herself.

The children had been brought up in a most pious and simple manner and their attitude in church attracted everyone's attention. They not only inherited the noble and courageous faith of their father, but the pious and gentle character of their mother. It was not surprising to hear that these saintly parents had offered their infant son as a victim to God for the sacrileges committed during the war. Little Joseph died in his innocence. Their eldest daughter became a Benedictine nun at Atherstone and another a Sister of Nazareth, where her devoted care for the aged and poor brought on an illness from which she has never recovered. The oldest son is the author of the *Life of Cardinal Vaughan*, his cousin, and was editor of the *Tablet* for many years. Another son became a Benedictine at Downside Abbey.

Among the companions of Mother Columba in the community there was one already renowned for sanctity whom the Abbot Guéranger called 'a perfect religious,' that was Mother Dorothea Guérin, the Aunt to Soeur Tère, the "Little Flower of Jesus," now of worldwide renown, who in 1873 had not yet been born. Her two elder sisters entered the school in 1870 to be under the care of their aunt and it was here that they imbibed that sweet teaching of St. Francis of Sales which marked them through life and made them so attractive to the little child they were privileged to bring up. How little then could they foresee that their influence would help their "Little Flower" to develop in the sunshine of sanctity, and still less could they foretell her wonderful captivation of the whole world. Certainly they can say, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise." Both Marie and Pauline Martin were very intelligent, studious, hard-working, full of life and energy, and above all very pious. They were always very attached to their mistresses and held their aunt in great veneration. Soeur Marie Doro-

thea Guérin was a religious of great regularity and perfect in observance, a true model of all monastic virtues throughout her life. She died in 1877 aged forty-eight in admirable dispositions and confidence in God. Saint Teresa of the Infant Jesus came to see her Aunt when only two or three years old and prayed in the convent chapel, the very one that Mère de Colombe was instrumental in building.

The spirit of holiness must have been powerful at Le Mans which could count so many holy souls under the roof of the Visitation Convent.

(To be concluded)

### *Glendalough of St. Kevin*

(Continued from page 395)

heard of her sad case, and visited her. She expected he would order the usual mixture, but no. "What you want, my good woman," he said genially, "is not physic, but food and fuel. Here take this, 'handing her some money,' and get what you most urgently need, and for the rest, I will be responsible for you."

He was not a rich man, this country doctor, as a matter of fact he was, for his position, almost as poor as she was, but he gave ungrudgingly, and with hearty good will. She was not the first poverty-stricken person he had helped, but she was the last. When he left the cottage he was in the best of health, a few hours later he was dead.

In the old cemetery of Glendalough there is a beautiful Celtic cross, designed by the late Canon French, ex-President of the Archeological Society, to the memory of this noble and generous general practitioner. It runs as follows:

### DOCTOR JAMES GARLAND

INASMUCH AS YOU DID IT UNTO THE LEAST OF  
THESE, MY BRETHREN, YOU DID IT UNTO ME

This beautiful vale so crowded all day,  
Is now peaceful and still by night;  
The lake which all day was sombre and dark  
Is lighted up by the moon's silvery light.

One night spent thus in sweet Glendalough,  
Listening to the mountain streams' roar;  
An impression 'twill make, as you stand by the lake,  
That will haunt your mind evermore.—Anon.

## Be Yourself

THELMA RUDGE

MARY Bronson sighed as she hung the last garment on the line. It was a hot day and she had done a big wash. Now it was time to get the supper ready. She hoped Jim would not want to go out to-night, she was tired and wanted a quiet evening at home. Lately they were always gadding about to parties, theaters, and dances. Jim was always urging her to get a maid. "It would be nice," she thought, "but then we wouldn't be able to save any money at all."

"The social bee is buzzing in his bonnet," she continued her soliloquy, and smiled a little wryly. "He's had a swelled head ever since he got that last raise, and we're no better off for it. He'd no need to sell his car and get that expensive roadster. He oughtn't to have joined the golf club. He's good company and everyone likes him, but we should never have taken up with the set we're running around with. They've all got more money than we have. I'm tired of 'keeping up with the Joneses.' Besides, we can't afford it."

She heard the phone ringing and hurried to answer it.

"Is that you, honey?" her husband's voice inquired.

"Who else could it be, silly?"

"The maid should be answering this phone."

Mary laughed. "Oh, forget the maid, or are you saying that because someone there can hear you? I bet you are."

"Listen, dear, I'm bringing Greyson home for dinner to-night. Make a big splash, wear your new gold dress, and send Junior over to cousin Kate's. Get Fred to lend you the silver. We'll begin with cocktails, then oysters, and—oh, you know, a real classy feed; end up with nuts and fruit, then coffee in the front room afterwards. Get Mrs. Smith in to play maid."

"Oh, Jim, what are you talking about? There isn't time enough to cook a big dinner, and besides—"

"Oh you can do it all right. Get some of the things ready done from the delicatessen store, can't you? Mrs. Smith will help you

cook the meal if we give her a little extra. We'll be there at seven sharp. I tried to make it seven-thirty, but—"

"Jim, why should I go to all this fuss just because—say, what's the matter with this line—such a buzz—hello—are you still there Jim? Hello—the line's gone dead—"

She rattled the hook, but failed to get central, then banged up the receiver petulantly. "Really, Jim is getting worse and worse," she murmured. "Why do I have to go to all that bother just because he's bringing Greyson in to dinner? Greyson's that little, fat man who's staying in the city for a few days."

She had met him the other night. He and Jim had gone to school together it seemed. A nice, jolly, little man, but he was no one of importance. Jim evidently wanted to swank so that Greyson would tell the folks back home.

"I don't know what got into Jim. He never used to be like that, but these last few months he's done nothing but swank and put on airs and act as if we were a whole lot better off than we are. It isn't right."

Mary stood biting her pretty lips, a habit she had when thinking.

"I'm tired of being a four-flusher. Look at the money we spent on our holidays, going to that expensive hotel. Then Jim played golf for money when he knew he couldn't afford to lose any. Just because there were some big business men there, he had to act as if he were making ten or fifteen thousand dollars a year. He said there was no telling what it would lead to, as if it could lead to anything. Now he wants a full course dinner to impress his friend. I'm to hire Mrs. Smith to play maid, and I'm to wear my gold-colored dress."

Mary's lips tightened and her brow wrinkled as she thought of the dress. She had paused to admire it in a shop window the other night, when she and Jim were coming home from the theatre. She had raved about the dress with never a thought of owning it. The price was staggering, two hundred dollars. The next day Jim had ordered it sent up. That was two

days ago. Mary had declared that she would not wear it, that they couldn't afford it.

Jim had talked about putting up a front, and urged her to keep it. He said he was beginning to think that the best way to get on in this world, was to put up bluff, appear as if you had everything you wanted. They had almost quarrelled about that dress.

"I won't wear it. I'll send it back to the store to-morrow," she decided. "I just won't make a fussy dinner to-night. Why should I? I'm tired. I was going to make a stew with dumplings, and have apple sauce with custard for dessert, and that's just what I'll do. I'll make the stew extra nice, fry the vegetables a little first, that gives it a fine flavor, it's a wrinkle that everyone doesn't know."

"Junior shall stay right here. Maybe he is a little boisterous, but all healthy boys are, there's no reason why he should be sent over to Kate's every time we have company. As for borrowing the silver from Fred, I just won't do it; our own plated stuff is good enough."

Fred was her brother, and the silver was an heirloom. It was solid, and heavily chased, really wonderful and worth a great deal. Neither Fred nor Edith, his wife, minded lending it, she knew, but—well—she didn't like borrowing things, and anyway—it was time she called a halt to all this camouflage.

"I'm going to be myself. I won't dress up. I won't put on airs. If folks don't like me as I am—well, I don't care. I guess we'll have a row about it after Greyson's gone, but I don't care. We're worse off since Jim got his raise than we were before; we spend more accordingly. If Jim does get that promotion he was talking about—I wonder what he'll be like then? Maybe he's the sort that can't stand prosperity."

Jim had told her that there would soon be a vacancy in his firm, and that Big Ben, as he always called his boss, had his eye on the most likely chaps to fill it. Jim was sure he had a chance. If he got it, it would mean ten thousand a year and rapid promotion. That was one reason he had been making such a splash lately. He thought it would help him land the job.

"I hope he gets it, of course," she murmured, "but I do hope it doesn't spoil him."

She prepared the meal she had arranged. Then told Junior to change into a clean linen suit. "We're having company for dinner."

"Oh goody! Can I be maid and help you carry out the dishes?"

"Yes, and you must remember your manners, and be polite to Mr. Greyson."

"I hope I like him," said eight-year-old Jim.

"I just can't be nice to folks I don't like."

Mary smiled. Junior was very much like her in some ways.

"Here they are," he yelled presently, as a car stopped before the house.

"Goodness! I haven't changed my dress yet." Mary rushed upstairs and surveyed her rather scanty wardrobe. "It's too hot to dress up at all. I'll put on this white washing silk, it's good enough," she decided.

She was scrambling out of her house dress when she heard the men enter the hall.

"Hello, you're Jim junior, aren't you?" a deep voice boomed.

"Yes sir."

"And how old are you?"

"I'm eight, how old are you?"

"Ha, ha, several times eight I'm afraid."

Mary paused in surprise. Why, that wasn't Greyson's voice! Who else had Jim brought? Greyson had such a quiet, gentle tone, but this was a deep, resonant voice that she had never heard before. She slipped into the white silk, tiptoed to the head of the stairs, and peeped over the bannisters. Her blue eyes grew round with startled horror, as she stared at the visitor.

He was a very tall, broad-shouldered man, elegantly dressed, and very prosperous looking. She could hardly believe her eyes, for that was Big Ben, Jim's boss. What in the world—why, of course, Big Ben's name was Greyson too, but everyone called him Big Ben, or the Big Boss—she had forgotten. No wonder Jim had wanted a splash!—Oh, if that line had not gone dead! Why hadn't she had sense enough to call Jim up afterwards!

"What have I done?" she moaned. "Maybe that promotion depends a lot on this dinner to-night. If we made a good impression on him—and now—oh, how can I possibly serve stew and dumpling to—the Big Boss himself? What will he think of us? I've ruined Jim's



chances; he'll never forgive me. What can I do?"

"Maybe I could 'phone to the hotel and have them rush up a dinner," she thought, and tipped to the 'phone on the stand at the head of her bed. Then Junior's shrill voice floated up.

"We're having stew with dumpling in it, Mr. Greyson. I love big dumplings, do you?"

"Stew—you say?"

"Yep, mother makes wonderful stew."

Mary held her head in her hands and moaned again. "I must go down—I ought to have been there when they came in—whatever will he think of us—"

She turned to the bureau and absently powdered her nose. Her cheeks were very flushed, her eyes very bright. She wanted to cry. She ran a comb through her curly, chestnut hair, and stared unseeingly at her reflection. She did not realize how charming, and pretty she looked. Her brain was busy wondering what she had better do.

"Well," she said after a moment's thought, "it can't be altered now, so I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. If—if—Jim doesn't get that job—there are lots of other jobs. I decided to be my own real self, and I will—I'll see it through and hang the consequences."

She glanced at the old gold-colored dress. "Maybe I ought to wear it," she murmured, then laughed quietly. "Wear a dress like that and serve Irish stew! Pull yourself together Mary Bronson. Now then, keep a stiff upper lip, and carry it off nonchalantly—if you can."

She went slowly downstairs and entered the living room. Ben Greyson rose from the Chesterfield, and she saw the shrewd, critical look, in his brown eyes turn to admiration. She flashed a glance at Jim. He was staring at her, his grey eyes blazing, his usually humorous mouth compressed into a grim straight line.

"Mary, this is Mr. Greyson," he said frigidly.

"I am delighted to know you, Mrs. Bronson."

Mary murmured a polite greeting, and wondered whether to apologize for the dinner or act as if it were all right.

"If you'll excuse me I'll dish up the dinner," she said. "You see we haven't got a maid."

"No," Greyson's tone was questioning.

"I like doing my own housework—and—anyway we really can't afford a maid." As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, that phrase kept ringing through her head.

"I've been telling you to get a maid for months," snapped Jim.

"Yes, but you know if we had one we couldn't save any money. I think a savings account is more important than a maid."

"Ah, not many women think like that these days," said Greyson. "I suppose you've been busy all day."

"Yes, this is wash day."

Jim gave a disgusted snort, which he changed into a queer sort of cough.

"You must be tired. I hope you didn't go to any extra trouble on my account."

"I didn't. I do hope you are hungry enough to enjoy a stew with dumplings," said Mary as she hurried into the kitchen without giving him a chance to reply.

She hadn't dared look at Jim as she said it. Poor Jim! Would he ever forgive her? What must he be thinking of her? The tears sprang to her eyes. Gracious, she mustn't cry! To go in with red-rimmed eyes would be the last straw. She blinked rapidly. The unshed tears made her eyes all the more bright.

"I want the biggest dumpling there is," cried Junior.

"Junior!" chided his mother.

"That is unless Mr. Greyson wants the biggest," said little Jim hastily.

"I certainly do," smiled the guest. "The stew smells delicious."

Mary felt her cheeks growing hotter. It was nice of him to say that, but what must he be thinking of her?

"What possessed you to have this stuff to-night?" asked Jim, unable longer to keep silent about the meal.

"This is Thursday, we always have stew on Thursday nights."

"That reminds me of my boyhood days," said Greyson. "We always had stew on Thursdays and fish on Fridays, and, Mrs. Bronson, this is the sort of stew my mother used to make, I do declare! It really is. I haven't tasted anything like it since I left home, and that's a good



many years ago. There's a trick in the cooking of it, and—"

"It's fried stew," explained Junior, that's what it is."

"It is certainly delicious," smiled Greyson.

Of course he was only being polite, Mary told herself, but he did say it as if it he meant it; maybe—suppose—"Did your mother do her own cooking?" she asked.

"Sure, and all her own housework, just like you. We were as poor as church mice, but we were happy. I think I was happier then than I have been since."

"Money doesn't always make for happiness," murmured Mary.

"No, that is true. What in your opinion does?" he asked.

"Well, I think the happiest people are those who are just themselves. I—I—mean people who don't try to imitate others, who don't put up a bluff and pretend to be what they aren't."

"You mean the real people, and you are quite right. One of the secrets of happiness is to be your real self."

Mary glanced at her husband. He was looking at his employer, his expression a strange mixture of surprise and doubt.

"Would you care for more stew?" asked Mary after awhile.

"You bet. I'm afraid I'm going to make a hog of myself, Mrs. Bronson," laughed Big Ben as he passed up his plate.

So, he really did like it. Mary beamed at him. What a nice man he was, so easy to get along with.

"Do you like apple sass?" whispered Junior loud enough for all to hear.

"Apple sass!" repeated Greyson, "you don't mean to tell me we're going to have some?"

"Sure thing, with custard on it."

"Great, I haven't had apple sass in years," laughed Big Ben.

Jim laughed too, but it was an exasperated laugh. "What a bourgeois meal it is Mary," his voice said, but his grey eyes as they bored into hers said a great deal more than that.

"Isn't it, but then we are bourgeois you know."

"Ah, and so am I!" cried Greyson, "and I'm proud of it. The middle-class is the back-

bone of the nation. I for one have no desire to get my name on the society lists."

"You could easily get into society if you wanted too, you're rich enough," said Mary. She glanced again at her husband, was he going to let her do all the talking? It seemed like it. She had created this situation, maybe he thought it was up to her to see it through.

"Would you, if you were rich?" asked Big Ben.

"I would not."

"What would you do, travel?"

"I don't want to be really rich, just comfortably well off. I want Junior to have a good education. I'd like him to go to the University and have a couple of years travel afterwards, maybe. I don't think I would travel much myself if I had lots of money, there are too many poor people in the world. I'd rather help them, especially the kiddies. Give them an education and a start in life, that's what I'd do."

"Maybe some day you'll be able to fulfill that desire," smiled Greyson. "I wonder if you'll help me play Santa this coming Christmas," he went on. "I'd like a list of poor families. The really poor, I mean, those that are too proud to ask for help, and those that really deserve helping."

"Why, I'd be glad too," she murmured. "Excuse me while I make the coffee."

So it wasn't such a ghastly evening as she had feared it would be, she busied herself with the percolator. She and Big Ben had much in common, it seemed. She liked him a lot. Jim couldn't be very mad with her now that Mr. Greyson was so amiable. Poor Jim! What a shock it must have been to him. He had expected an elaborate dinner and for her to wear her new gown. Mary laughed softly, she was beginning to see the humorous side of it.

When she returned to the dining room the men were discussing politics. Jim was arguing, stating his own opinions which were opposed to Big Ben's it appeared. Mary was surprised. She hadn't dreamed he would dare disagree with his employer. Had he forgotten about that promotion, or did he think, as she had done, that they might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. Greyson's brown eyes were beaming, he seemed to be enjoying himself.

"Nothing I like better than a friendly argument, Bronson," he said when at last the lengthy discussion was ended. "Do you know, you are the seventh employee of mine with whom I've discussed politics during the past two months. The other six agreed with me in every detail—so they said. I made inquiries afterwards and found that not one of them really did. They were just 'yes' men, trying to make a good impression on me."

"I've dined at the home of each of them, and what a show they did put up! They had cock-tails and caviare and champagne and fruit that was out of season," he chuckled as if greatly amused.

"Naturally, since I employed them I knew each man's income, and they were all serving caviare and champagne on a lemonade and ice-cream income. Bluffing, nothing but four-flushers, all of them. Even if I had not been aware of the size of their incomes, I would have known these folks for what they were, for the funny thing is that the only people these bluffers deceive are themselves."

"Think so?" asked Jim quickly.

"Sure, how often have you met a man for the first time, listened to him talk, then, without any cause or reason, said to yourself, 'That's all a lot of bluff'?"

"Yes—I've done that—often, but—"

"Well other people do the same thing. They know—folks know intuitively what you are; whether you're the genuine thing or just a sham. It's a pity some of these bluffers, these social climbers, can't hear how folks talk about them behind their backs. It would cure them all right."

"It's far better to be yourself," murmured Mary.

"It is, there's an attraction about it, a charm, that nothing else gives. The most fascinating women I have known are those who have been their real selves. You are one of them, Mrs. Bronson."

Mary blushed at the unexpected compliment.

"Now these men I was telling you about were all hoping they would soon get promoted, but the man I wanted for the coming vacancy had to be honest. When I say honest, I don't just mean a fellow that can be trusted to handle money. I mean he had to be honest all

through. A man who was *real*, who dared to be himself. Who didn't put on any false front. The kind of chap I knew I could depend on. I'd about given up hope, but my search is ended to-night. The job's yours, Bronson. You and your wife are the realest people I know."

"Well, what do you think of that!" gasped Jim, when their visitor had gone. "Mary, I've you to thank for my promotion, but how in the world did you know?"

"Know what?"

"Why, that he's the sort of fellow who likes homey things and admires people who dare to be themselves?"

"Oh—why—a little bird told me all about it," she laughed. "I wonder if you've learned anything this evening, Jim Bronson?"

"I've learned something I'll never forget," was the reply.

### *The Elder Brother*

ANNA NELSON REED

I have been faithful to him, as he knows,

Making his interests mine; quick to fulfil

My duty, in obedience to his will,

His friends I've made my own, his foes my foes,

And now, this cause of sad disgrace and pain,

This four betrayer of our Father's love,

Comes back, his kind, forgiving heart to prove,

And finds his coming has not been in vain!

I had been more than human, had I not

Resented all the feasting and the joy

O'er the return of this unworthy boy;

Father forgave, but I had not forgot!

Yet—this to me—"All that I have is thine!"

That means,—his *trust* as well as love is *mine*!

### *Mystery*

STANLEY S. SCHNETZLER

This tawdry room is filled with secret wonders

Which I, poor mortal, may at will unlock:

I turn a tiny faucet—water gushes

As once it did when Moses smote the rock.

I lift a hook and distant voices murmur;

I press a button; lo! the room is bright.

I turn a knob and unseen singers carol

As once they did on that dear natal night.

And yet, with all these powers, my soul is lonely

And vainly seeks some eerie, magic call

To span the waste which spreads 'twixt man and comrade,

Whose boundary is a thin, grey-papered wall.

## Saint Wilfrid Goes a Fishing

STANLEY B. JAMES



ST. WILFRID CAST ASHORE

IT is a stock argument against the Church specially favored by our generation that she neglects the present world. Nothing is so irritating to twentieth century mentality as her reliance on the supernatural and her insistence on the prior importance of the life beyond. Communism's preoccupation with material interests is not confined to that movement but is symptomatic of our age generally. Hence, the Church in directing attention to the world to come is said to "dope" the workers and render

them indifferent to social and economic progress. Men turn from her not so much because of her teaching, which they have not time to examine, but because they are too busy amassing wealth and conducting their business affairs to heed an institution seemingly so irrelevant to their interests. Now, however, that the civilization which they have built on this materialistic basis is showing signs of collapse, it is possible that her claims, even from the standpoint of this world's concerns, may receive fresh consideration. If that be so, it will be discovered that the supernatural character of the Church's foundations, so far from lessening her influence as a civilizing power, makes her a wise guide and potent force in terrestrial affairs. They were her ministers, it will be learned, who, in the "Dark Ages" when Europe after the breakdown of the Roman Empire was relapsing into barbarism, taught the industrial crafts. Protestant historians such as J. R. Green have paid unstinted tribute to the efforts in this direction of priests and monks. Thus, of the Mercian kingdom in the center of Saxon England, the writer named says, "The forests of the western borders, the marshes of its eastern coast, were being cleared and drained by monastic colonies." Learning and art were introduced by the same ecclesiastical colonists. Government copied its laws from those of the monasteries. The English Constitution, says this authority, owes not a little to the institutions of Catholicism. Benedictinism was specially influential in this respect.

These are general statements and they need to be reduced to concrete instances. It happened that last summer the writer of this article happened to be staying at a little seaside town on the south coast of England and, probing into its past, he discovered that it owed its leading industry—that of fishing—in the first place to a Catholic Saint—Wilfrid, the Benedictine Abbot of Ripon and afterwards Archbishop of York. The story is worth telling as a definite example of what has been said.



Court intrigue in Northumbria had wronged Wilfrid and he had gone to Rome to appeal against the plotters and was on his return. Bede tells us how he and his one hundred and twenty Northumbrian retainers sat on deck singing psalms while crossing the English Channel. But a storm drove their vessel aground on the coast of Sussex which was still a heathen kingdom. As the ebbing tide left them stranded, a horde of South Saxons approached to take possession of the wreck. Wilfrid tried to arrive at an understanding with them but his efforts were frustrated by one of his followers who, seeing a heathen priest on the shore hurling curses at the strangers, slung a stone at him killing him instantaneously. Not unnaturally this infuriated the Saxons who rushed like a whirlwind to avenge his death. Three times the wreckers were driven back and then, miraculously, says the story, the tide turned and refloats the vessel. This was the Saint's first introduction to those among whom, later, he was to live and by whom he was to be held in such reverence. His second visit occurred some years later when, owing to the same influences as had induced his journey to Rome, he was an exile. It was characteristic of him that he should want to fill in the time of waiting by doing missionary work until he could return to his own sphere of work, and it was like him, too, that he should turn to those savage South Saxons who once had tried to kill him. At least there was no doubt as to their need of evangelizing; they had given sufficient evidence of that. Happily since his

last visit the king had married a Christian princess and had himself been baptized. This of course made the missionary's task easy. Those were the days when the court set the fashion in religion and subjects who wished to do the "correct" thing took care to worship the same God as their king. But another circumstance pleaded even more strongly than the royal example on behalf of the Faith.

Wilfrid had spent his novitiate on Lindisfarne, that island which looks out across that grey waste of waters called the North Sea. The chanting of the Office was associated in his mind with the thunder of the surf breaking on the rocky coast of his island home. He was familiar with all the ways of sea-faring men. We must not picture this Saxon Saint as a pale ascetic, for, though he performed penances which to us would seem far too severe, his appearance was rather that of the bronzed fisher folk who may be seen to this day sailing their trawlers off the Yorkshire coast. Among such men he was at home and their craft was no mystery to him. When therefore he learned that the Sussex folk were suffering from famine and observed their primitive way of fishing, he fashioned for them such nets as had been used by the monks of Lindisfarne and taught their use. In consequence the finny treasures of the deep were caught in great numbers so that there was abundant food for all. A still more important result was that the fisher folk themselves crowded in shoals into St. Peter's net. Bede speaks of "the great baptisms" which took place and another authority tells of thousands being baptized in one day. Doubtless these numerous "conversions" were but superficial in character but the missionary remained on year after year instructing his flock and giving them other lessons in civilization. They never reverted to heathenism. Sussex indeed became one of the strongholds of Christianity in Britain and it was this part of the country over which Alfred the Great ruled and which he made the nucleus of that Christian England politically united for the first time under his government.



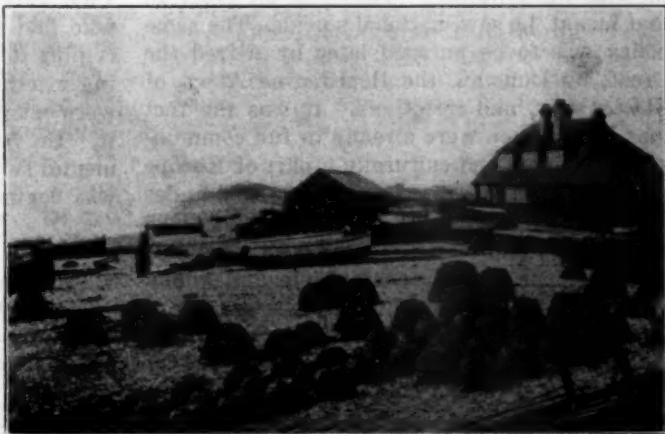
FISHING BEACH, SELSEY, WHERE ST. WILFRID'S CHURCH WAS SUBMERGED



Among other things Wilfrid taught his converts to build stately churches. He was a great builder. Concerning the church in honor of St. Andrew which he erected at Hexham in Yorkshire a biographer says, "The surprise of the onlookers knew no bounds when they saw the deep foundations and the immense stones placed in them. But what was their astonishment when the walls rose up and the wonderful building was completed? For two hundred years Hexham Cathedral, with its lofty spires, its staircases and galleries, its marvelous porches and pillars, was considered to have no equal on this side of the Alps. The design was Wilfrid's own, and it was his unceasing assiduity in superintending the work that made it a complete success. Builders of a later date strove to equal and excel the workmanship of Hexham." It is not surprising therefore that one of the first things he did in the South was to build, on the sandy promontory called Selsey, a House of God or that he should make it as worthy as the conditions allowed of its Divine Guest. What would we give if there remained for us to see some surviving memorials of St. Wilfrid's Selsey church. But alas! an iconoclast more destructive even than the "Reformers" of the sixteenth century has been at work. The sea has encroached on the Selsey shore and if anything is left of the Saint's work, it lies buried beneath the tides. They point to the spot, now a mile out from the coast line at low water, where it is supposed that it stood and the fanciful may imagine if they will that in the green depths beneath they can glimpse the dim outline of the ruins, but no eyes have actually seen the sight. If there remains anything of the building in which were gathered the rude worshippers of those far-off times, they are known only to the fish which swim silently in and out amid broken arches, ruined pillars and the debris of dismantled chapels. A font remains and is preserved in the Anglican church which, it is conjectured, dates from St. Wilfrid's time. All else has gone.

But piscatorial instruction did not exhaust the Benedictine's

civilizing work. He set an example in compassion which must have made a profound impression in that rough time. It seems that the king, grateful for all that the Saint had done for his subjects, granted him a site in Selsey for a monastery and with it, as part of the estate, one hundred and fifty slaves. It was common in those days and for long after for the lowest grade of workers to be bound up with the land on which they labored. It may be that they were originally prisoners of war or they had been degraded from some superior position. Be that as it may, their status was that of chattels, mere beasts of burden having no rights in the soil they tilled and without liberty to move from the locality in which they were placed. But the Master to whom these hundred and fifty unfortunates were handed over was ahead not merely of heathen custom but even of Christian usage and, to their joy they were liberated. Wilfrid had no use for slaves save to baptize them. In this action he did but anticipate the effect which the preaching of Christianity was to have on European Society in after years. It was to become a custom for a slaveholder on his death to release his bondsmen; some indeed did so under normal circumstances. Gradually the slave became a serf and the serf a freeman, but it was a long process. St. Wilfrid in this matter was a long way ahead of his times. It is this Benedictine Abbot who is



FISHING BEACH, SELSEY

to be credited with being the first of English emancipators.

But the greatest service which the Saint rendered his country, whether we regard his life from the spiritual or temporal standpoint, was that of maintaining the supremacy of the Holy See and keeping England in touch with Rome. In this he met with strong opposition. The Celtic element in Britain, reflecting the customs of an earlier period when communication with Rome was difficult, pursued a policy of independence. The petty kings of Saxon England resented the fact that "foreigners" exercised authority over their subjects. As an island cut off from the mainland of Europe there was a danger lest this land should be left permanently outside the unity of Christendom. It was difficult to persuade peoples who but recently had been barbaric freebooters of the need to acknowledge a universal authority which would bind them in a religious and cultural fellowship with other, more advanced, nations. Wilfrid almost alone saw the danger. His visits to Rome, his acquaintance with the Benedictine rule as observed on the Continent and his own practical genius made him intransigent in asserting the Papal authority. His triumph had profound influence on the course of English religion during the succeeding centuries, but it is not with this that we are at present concerned. He was, as Hilaire Belloc has said, "full of Europe." He had saturated himself in its culture. He had traveled in lands redolent with the history of the past and with the classical tradition. To be cut off from all that meant, he saw, national suicide. The same policy was to be pursued later by Alfred the Great, by Dunstan, the Benedictine Abbot of Glastonbury, and by others. It was the fact that Englishmen were already in full communion with Rome and culturally a part of Europe which saved them from being submerged under the Norman Conquest. Their language, their architecture and many of their laws were able to offer a successful resistance to and finally to combine with those of the conquerors. It is the rich synthesis thus created which gives us the clue to the English genius. And in bringing about that result St. Wilfrid was foremost.

His long conflict on behalf of the supremacy of Rome laid the foundations for a stable and

varied civilization. He put God, the Catholic Church, the soul first, and *for that reason* was able to rescue his country from barbarism. It is the materialists, those who direct their attention exclusively to this world, who are today the allies of barbarism. A narrow nationalism, a mercenary commercialism, a pleasure-loving paganism threaten our civilization. That civilization can be saved only by insistence on those other-worldly values for which St. Wilfrid so bravely contended.

### *Spiritual Conferences for College Men*

*(Continued from page 415)*

Notre Dame has done one thing for me; she has acquainted me with the will of God—and that is everything. She has given me the delight in sanctity, in purity, and in righteousness; and she has given me other criteria to judge manhood than that of personal appearance and brutal strength. Now I love God as God—that is the "how." Now I throw my entire career, my every action, my desires, myself on the mercy of God, because God is God—that is "the why." I have now started to fill up the wide gaps in my character, which ignorance has left void. May God give me the "way and the means" to continue.

Because frequent Communion is encouraged, general Communion days for groups are seldom mentioned; but we had talked in class about the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ and appointed December 8 as the day on which we would all receive the Sacraments. (We were aiming at one student in particular who had not received Holy Communion since coming to the school. We had no way of knowing whether he had made his Easter duty and were counting on the appeal of the group spirit. He became one of us and gave up his mental sulking. By the end of the semester he was beginning to like the place.

*(To be continued)*

---

Sun-tanned vacationists! Do not defer your reception of the Sacraments, lest your souls become sin-tanned beyond recognition!

---

Modesty is also a fruit of worthy Communions.

## Spiritual Conferences for College Men

BURTON CONFREY, PH. D.

(Continued)

**A**MONG the venial sins listed in the "Perseverance" pamphlet, which freshmen annotate during the first quarter of the school year, insufficient preparation for, and thanksgiving after, Holy Communion is checked most frequently; and even though the students feel they never can give enough time to these sacred duties, their importance cannot be overstressed. In addition to saying that the moments after Holy Communion are the most sacred in life, that we owe it to our Divine Guest to spend these moments as perfectly as possible, that it is only for the gravest reasons that the period should be shortened, in addition to showing the possibilities of the at-onement, Father Donahue cited specific illustrations from St. Thomas Aquinas. Those at the conference could readily see that if vessels of various sizes be lighted from the one flame, each carries away a flame according to its size. The analogy to our approaching the Fountain of Living Water to carry away Divine grace according to the way in which we act toward our Eucharistic God was as clear as that of our carrying from the Fire of Divine Love a flame according to the dispositions of our souls.

Although one Holy Communion could give sufficient grace to make us saints, we are not saints; and while ordinarily God sanctifies us by degrees and slowly, we could advance more rapidly in the love of God if we prepared for our Holy Communion more carefully and made our Thanksgiving in a becoming manner. In Communion God comes to us with every grace, particularly those we need—they may be had for the proper asking.

A student's journal shows his approach.

November 30.

Two days ago I was going to write a record of my thoughts—those that I have had so far in Communion with You. Usually I have new thoughts but on reflecting on all the past images that I have had, I received a higher, a loftier aim, a more per-

fect contentment, than any thought I have ever had.

December 1.

After reading over my ideas I find that I have not written a collection of all my flights with You after all. I know in doing it I will crystalize those thoughts in my mind more fully. I like to go around looking for You under the hood of another person. If I see you, Your impression is so gentle, so loving, that I carry it with me all day. It is like Thompson's poem, "Little Jesus." You say to me, "Can you see Me?" When I kneel in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, I sometimes imagine the empty pews filled with saints who could not leave Your presence willingly—how much love they must have had for you. I have only a little. I am growing to like You more and more.—Oh, Jesus, I do love You. Yes, these are only words and not acts of love. I owe so much to You—everything.

December 2.

Jesus, You know I have every reason to be happy to-day, for to-day I made another of my nine First Fridays. I remember Your promise of a happy death. Death? I don't shudder at the thought of death any more at all. It never comes to my mind. You are the Life. Even suffering or the thought of suffering does not seem to bother me. You may send me all the trials You wish, but please do not tell me about them until I have borne them the way You want me to bear them. Of course, that's up to You—"Not my will but Yours." I know You are always near me to strengthen me and that is all that matters.

December 3.

To-day I tried to do well the little things that I had to do. I started after I came home from church this morning. The day was not tiresome at all. I felt as though I was resting. I thought about You every little while; it was You that kept my temper under control. Now You give me the happiness of reflecting on that previous meditation.

December 4.

I wonder whom I will meet this summer. So far I feel quite sure of myself. I know



I am not going to summer school, but I also know that I will keep on learning at home. It is just as a teacher has said: "A student cannot afford to waste any time." I am planning on reconstructing my notes—those which I collect during the year. Jesus, I can feel my field before me, and with Your grace I can accomplish wonders. I want to preach Your word through writing. I want to show You and what You have done for me through my eyes, through my picture, to those that do not love You. And I want to be humble and sincere in doing it. To write that way I have to live with Your love and Your inspiration in mind all the while. I will be happy if I live that kind of life. If I confess my choicest thoughts to the world I am tearing down my pride—I need to tear down my haughtiness. Make me like Saint Francis of Assisi in simple humility; then I know I will be pleasing to you.

December 5.

Jesus, my God, my life, fill me with the deepest reverence these few moments. I want to forget everything but Thee. I have strayed from the path of beauty. Let me return to it by sensing Your presence all the time.

Humbly I adore Thee.  
Earnestly I implore Thee  
To make a saint of me.

December 6.

Dearest Lord, I went to a newspaper office yesterday to seek advice concerning the starting of my reporting. Jesus, remind me of my little task to carry out that advice so that I may prepare for next summer's work. Yesterday I talked to a reporter also; he told me of the monotony of reporting until a person becomes used to it.

Let me have "Thy will be done" on my lips or in my mind each hour of the day. Let me forget my personal gain and acquire charity and a love of duty for Your sake.

#### QUEST

"I went searching down the highways seeking God;  
I went searching down the sky-ways and the sod;  
Down the mind of man and round him every part  
I went searching, and I found Him in my heart."

I cut this out of *Columbia* months ago and pasted it in my notebook. Do I seek You all the time? I have You in my heart I know—but, selfish, I think only of myself. I used to seek You in all my asso-

ciates, but now I seldom think of finding You there. I am thoughtless; but so long as I keep away from sin, I know that you will not leave me. Just think, dearest Jesus, I have not committed a mortal sin since I came to Notre Dame. It is only Your precious Presence that has helped me overcome my temptations. I know You will not let the devil tempt me too strongly. Please, dearest Lord, keep him away from me.

I used to try to keep away from the world and its glitter of fool's gold and try to see only You. Then You gave me thoughts and ideas that made me very happy. You showed me the depths of Your love by seeing You as the beautiful in life. Maybe my present state is a blessing. I am too prone to betray my joys to somebody else when they do not want to hear of You openly. Everybody but two is so reserved here; I know You have many friends on the campus. The boys go to Communion here by the thousands. Just that makes me like Notre Dame. The University of Our Lady is my pride and source of peace and contentment. Good night, dearest God; watch over me.

December 8.

My God and my All. Last night you led me in the depths of your confidence again by pointing out Your sufferings—Your agony in the Garden and Your Crucifixion. Last night I was with St. John under the Cross.

Dearest Lord, help my roommate find himself. Give him a greater faith in You and make him realize that You are the one he should live for.

Holy Mary, patron of our school, intercede with Jesus for me.

On December 8 this Religious Bulletin appeared:

#### NOTRE DAME'S DEBT TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

It has always been true that the love of the Mother of God draws devotees to the love of her Divine Son. Yesterday we saw that Notre Dame owes a profound debt to the Mother of God. To-day, on the greatest of her feasts, we are called by a coincidence to consider our other great debt, our debt to the Blessed Sacrament.

On December 17, 1905, just twenty years ago, Pope Pius X approved the now famous decree on Frequent and Daily Communion, in which it was set forth, in definite settlement of countless controversies, that the only conditions required for



frequent and daily Communion are the state of grace and a right intention; and the invitation was extended to all the faithful to avail themselves daily of this Banquet, in which the Son of God gives His Flesh and Blood to be our daily Food.

It was a providential foresight that prepared this Eucharistic Feast for the young men and women of the age that was then impending. It is an age of great liberty and licentiousness, in which hell seems to have let loose every possible agency for the corruption of youth. Where temptation abounds, grace must more abound; and through no agency is grace distributed more abundantly than in the Holy Eucharist, in which we receive the Author of Grace Himself.

What daily Communion has meant to Notre Dame we will not know till Judgment Day. On Its benefits to the individual you have countless testimonies of young men who have found in It the remedy of vice and the inspiration and help to virtue; and much could be added, for often our dearest treasures are locked in our hearts where they never can be seen by the human eye. Those who have experienced these benefits need not be told of them; those who have not proved this Gift of God are "foolish and slow of heart to believe" if they will not accept the word of their classmates and fellow students.

The University itself owes and acknowledges deep gratitude to those students who during the past twenty years have received some two million Communions in the chapels of Notre Dame. Divine favor has been lavished on this school during those twenty years, much more than in all the sixty years that went before. Heavy burdens have been made light; perplexing problems have been solved; the prestige and influence of the University have multiplied many times, and from under the Dome devotion to the Blessed Sacrament has radiated to the farthest corners of the earth.

Notre Dame is not ungrateful. To-morrow we begin an act of thanksgiving for these priceless blessings. *For the next nine days solemn Homage will be paid to the Blessed Sacrament; in the morning at Holy Communion, and at five o'clock every afternoon with adoration and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.* The four ends of prayer will be blended: adoration, thanksgiving, reparation, and petition. Full success depends upon your generosity.

This type of reaction follows:

When I came to Notre Dame last September, I was skeptical regarding the re-

ligious influence which, according to my brother and friends, was exerted here. At home I had gone to church often and to Communion; but the good effects of seven years in a Catholic grade school has been nullified, to some extent, by four years in a public high school in company with Protestants.

My first impression of Notre Dame—that it was a place of too much discipline and religion—was not of long duration. I had thought religion a thing to be practiced on Sundays or holydays; but the attitude of the students and the religious atmosphere which pervaded the campus soon brought me to a realization of my error. There are many things which cause me to revise my former opinion. Daily Mass and Communion show me what spiritual good can be accomplished with little effort. The Church, the Grotto, the Log Chapel, and the Stations around the lake give me numerous opportunities to pray more than ever before; and I experience the thrill of receiving something that I have earnestly and fervently prayed for. The pamphlet rack supplies me with wholesome literature, and does away with my craving for obscenity. The *Religious Bulletin*, with its inimitable humor and direct seriousness, attracts my attention and convinces me that I should change my ways. The conferences in the library also exert an influence which is almost invaluable. My religion class, with the tolerant, patient priests in charge, fills a long-felt want—a place to have my questions answered and my doubt removed.

The strengthening of my faith, resulting from the benefits I have derived and am deriving from the religious influence at Notre Dame, is the most vital and permanent possession which I am receiving from my college course.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, thy whole soul, and thy whole mind." Often before during my past life I have pondered these words; but never before did I attain full comprehension. I might say I had "the who, the which, and the when of the thing" but not the "how of the thing." I have always been taught (and I have followed that teaching to the letter) to rely on prayer; but never until now have I seen "the why of the thing." I have, with the grace of God, always been a Catholic; but never until now have I been a fervent Catholic, never have I seen the real beauty of religion. (Continued on page 412)

## Notes of Interest

### Miscellaneous

—Charles M. Schneider, former Grand Knight of the Chicago Council, was ordained a priest in the Denver Cathedral at the age of sixty, and is now assistant at Valley City, North Dakota.

—In the Greek Abbey of the Basilian monks at Grottoferato, near Rome, commemorating the fifteenth centenary of the Council of Ephesus in the week of November 15, Mass was celebrated in three rites: the Armenian, Byzantine Ruthenian, and Antiochian Maronite.

—Margaret Sanger was invited by the Forum to lecture on birth control in the city of San Antonio. The Municipal Auditorium was engaged for the occasion with its seating capacity of 7,000. On the day of the lecture only 600 misguided persons gathered to hear her heinous (doctrines) expsuiations.

—Of 117 missions in Tanganyika, South Africa, 60 are Protestant, 57 are Catholic; of the latter, 30 belong to the White Fathers; 17 to the Benedictines, 8 to the Holy Ghost Fathers, and 2 to the Capuchins.

—Following the proposal of a native Protestant African chief in a recent session of the Parliament of the Kingdom of Tonga, the divorce fees have been raised to 200 pounds, about \$760 at present rate of exchange. This makes it practically impossible for a native to procure a divorce. "I am a Protestant," said the chief, "but I agree with the Catholic Church with all my heart when she says that divorce is prohibited by Divine law."

### Benedictine

—Dame Cecilia Agnes Heywood, O. S. B., for thirty-four years the Lady Abbess of Stanbrook Abbey, in the Archdiocese of Birmingham in England, died November 7 at the age of 79. A telegram from the Holy Father, conveying his blessing, reached her shortly before her death. She was buried with the telegram in her hand. Stanbrook Abbey was founded by Dame Gertrude More, great-granddaughter of Blessed Thomas More.

—Father Gregory Gerrer, O. S. B., has been added to the Oklahoma "Hall of Fame." The foremost Oklahoman in the field of art, he is professor of art at St. Gregory's College, Shawnee, Oklahoma. A portrait of Pius X painted by Father Gregory hangs in the Vatican at Rome.

—The Catholic University at Peking was officially informed by the Nanking Ministry of Education on August 22 that it was recognized as a university by the National Government. The professorial staff at the University this year numbers seventy; the student body numbers more than five hundred. This is not so bad when one remembers that this is only the fifth year of the establishment. It is not the purpose of the University to foreignize the Chinese, but to preserve all that is best in Chinese culture.

—A community of Benedictine nuns who went from Spain to Germany have acquired a mill at Gross Schoenech, near Pfullendorf, in Wuerttemberg. This they intend to convert into a convent.

—The seventy-fifth anniversary of the establishment of the community of Benedictine Sisters at St. Benedict's Academy, Erie, Pennsylvania, was celebrated on November 26 with a Pontifical High Mass in St. Mary's Church. The celebrant was the Most Reverend John Mark Gannon, D. D., D. C. L., LL. D., Bishop of Erie. Right Reverend Alfred Koch, Archabbot of St. Vincent's, preached the jubilee sermon.

### Comparison

KATHERYN ULLMEN

If they should turn me out into the snow to make my bed,

Without a mantle for my head,  
Nor cloak of pity for my soul;

If they should try to strip me of my self-respect and dole

Me only titters,  
Hide the goal;

I should rejoice that I, a clod,  
Am likened by rejection unto God.

### Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

(Astrophysized version)

MARGARET C. MOLONEY

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!  
Now I know just what you are  
Up above the world so high—  
Magic Forces in the sky

When the blazing sun is set  
Out our telescopes we get.  
Gather up your little light,  
Twinkling, twinkling all the night.

A World's Fair quiet—in the dark—  
Till you send your little spark  
The great electric switch to throw—  
THEN GO, CHICAGO, GO!

### Omelette

EPPIE CURE

True,  
'Tis easy to make omelette  
Of fresh-laid egg, and deftly terve it  
On platter, and on table set it:  
You quickly beat it, fry, then serve it.

But—  
Make omelette of—"ancient" egg—  
Why, sure you can! And I repeat it;  
But do the route reverse, I beg:  
First fry, then serve, then—quickly "beat it!"

?

# KWEERY KORNER

?

REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B., Editor, St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kan.

## RULES FOR THE QUESTION BOX

Questions must be placed on a separate sheet of paper used for that purpose only.

All questions must be written plainly and on one side of the paper.

No name need be signed to the question.

Questions of a general and public nature only will be answered; particular cases and questions should be taken to pastor or confessor.

No questions will be answered by mail; special answers cannot be given in this column.

All questions will be answered in the order received.

Send questions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Ind.

NOTE:—Along with the other writers who contribute to the pages of the GRAIL, the editor of KWEERY KORNER extends to all his readers the best of wishes for a truly Happy New Year. Whilst our beloved country is at present suffering in ways material, still there is a great deal to be thankful for in that this very suffering is leading many to consider more seriously the things that are spiritual. In his missions and retreats your editor finds many whom the present condition is bringing back to God and the leading of a better life. That Almighty God may grant you all those graces and favors conducing to your temporal and spiritual well-being during this year of 1932 is the holidays greeting of

REV. HENRY COURTNEY, O. S. B.

*In our Cathedral here I found a prayer and attached to it this note: "Say this prayer each day for nine days, make nine copies of the same and leave one in the church every day. Never known to fail granting any request on the ninth day." Is this warranted by the Catholic Church?—Peoria, Ill.*

It most certainly is not. There are many varieties of such "chain prayers" and all are spurious and are not warranted by the Catholic Church. Time and time again priests rightly warn against them and your editor does not hesitate to say that whenever you find such "chain prayers" in any church the best thing to do is to collect all of them you can find and throw them into the fire.

*If a child dies before birth can the mother obtain for it the baptism of desire?—New Orleans, La.*

No. The baptism of desire is a personal affair and must be the voluntary action of the person to be thus baptized.

*Who is the Patron Saint of locomotive firemen?—Minneapolis, Minn.*

As such, locomotive firemen have no special Patron Saint. However, Saint Fiace, Confessor, whose feast occurs on August 30th, has at times been invoked by those in your particular line of work. Saint Lucy, Virgin and Martyr, commemorated on December 13th, is the Patron Saint of all laborers in general and you might well call upon her in your needs.

*Why is it that Catholic boys are encouraged to belong to the Boy Scouts and the Catholic girl is told not to join the Girl Reserves?—La Salle, Ill.*

The editor of this column answered your question, in a way, in the February 1931 issue of THE GRAIL. This matter is one that should be taken up with your local Pastor. Only recently the editor was in a place in your state where the Boy Scouts were under purely non-sectarian leadership and the Girl Reserves were a subsidiary of the Y. W. C. A. Since these organiza-

tions for the young differ so widely in so many places, it is impossible for your editor here to take up the various cases. Therefore, consult your pastor. And, by the way, it might be well to mention that almost every parish has a Catholic Young Ladies' Sodality which will easily supply everything that is furnished by the Girl Reserves.

*Must one bring a bottle of water to the church to be blessed, or how may one obtain holy water for the home?—St. Louis, Mo.*

Holy Water is usually blessed in considerable quantity by the priests who are attached to the church and then is kept in a vessel where the faithful may procure it in any quantity they desire. Ask your pastor where the holy water is kept.

*Does one hear Mass if he comes into the church at the Gospel?—Ft. Wayne, Ind.*

To hear Mass means that one is in the church when the priest begins the prayers at the foot of the Altar and remains in church until the Mass is completely finished. There is a difference between hearing Mass and satisfying one's obligation on a Sunday or a Holy Day. If, through no fault of one's own, one were to get to the church only at the uncovering of the chalice, or would be forced to leave the church at the recovering of the chalice with the veil on a Sunday or a Holy Day, such a person would not be obliged to go to another Mass.

*May Catholics read the book called "The Divine Plan of the Ages"?—Pekin, Ill.*

The book you mention, whilst not on the Index of Forbidden Books, is a publication of a Protestant Bible Institute and therefore should not be read by Catholics. Let me suggest that you read instead the excellent work of Goffine, which covers the same ground.

*How many Masses does a pastor read for the people in the course of one year?—Chicago, Ill.*

A pastor is obliged to read Mass for his people every Sunday of the year and on thirty four of the Feast Days. Some of these Feast Days are called "suppressed Feast Days" because they are no longer celebrated as formerly. Therefore, there are eighty six days each year on which a pastor says Mass for the people. It might happen, however, that one or the other of these Feast Days would fall on a Sunday, in which case one Mass would suffice for both the Sunday and the Feast.

*What is meant by the "Ordinary of the Mass"?—Detroit, Mich.*

By the "Ordinary of the Mass" is meant that part of the Mass which is the same in every Mass. There are certain prayers that are said in the Mass which vary according to the Feast or the season and others that are the same in every Mass. These latter constitute what is known in prayer books as the "Ordinary of the Mass."

*Is there any wrong in dating on Saturday night when going to Communion on the next morning?—Cleveland, O.*

By "dating" the editor presumes you mean to go somewhere or to do something in company with another, generally of the opposite sex. If such company keeping is entirely free from sin in any shape or form, then it would not be wrong to do so before going to Holy Communion. May it be said that the more recollection and quiet that is observed before going to Holy Communion, the better is your preparation and the greater the fruits you derive from the reception of the Sacrament.





## Our Sioux Indian Missions



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

### OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONARIES

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail, express, and freight to Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

### ABOUT THE INDIANS

In their primitive state the Indians had no domestic animals such as cows, goats, sheep, or swine; the only animal around their houses was the dog, although some of the western tribes caught wild horses roaming the ranges, and learned to ride them. Neither had they any wagons or carriages or other vehicles, although some tribes learned to make a sort of sledge of two saplings, between which skins or a blanket were lashed with rawhide thongs—a sort of stretcher affair, upon which the sick or aged were sometimes laid, or bundles of various kind, and then dragged along the ground on one end, the other end being held in the hands—usually of some strong squaw; for the men never stooped to anything servile. Their business was hunting and going to war. All other labor—the preparation of meals, grinding of grain, skinning of animals, roasting the carcasses, curing the hides and laboring at planting in the fields—was done by the women of the tribe. When there were no sledges, the women and war prisoners carried the burdens when the tribe moved to another locality.

The Indians were very expert with their canoes, and were not afraid to run them down very dangerous rapids; when they ascended the rivers and came to falls and rapid, they took their light canoes out of the water and carried them upon their shoulders above the

difficult point. These places the French called *Portages*, meaning, Carrying Places.

There were various customs attached to the burial of their dead. Some tribes buried infants under the trail leading out of the village; some bent down a young tree and bound the child, wrapped up in skins, to the highest branch and let it fly back again, so that the little one was far up out of reach of the wild beasts, among the birds and blossoms. But most generally, each body, wrapped up, was buried in the ground or placed on a scaffolding near the village. Every few years there was a Feast of the Dead. The bones of their dead were taken by each family, wrapped up in furs, and these, with some of their most valuable articles, were all buried together in a long trench, or a great mound. Many of these mounds are found in Illinois, and farmers in plowing or digging, come upon bones, pottery, arrowheads, tomahawks, etc. One such mound has just recently been dug into, and many things of geographical and scientific value have been found in it. These feasts usually lasted for several days, with games and curious ceremonies.

Now, however, things have changed; with their Christianization they have learned to bury their dead as we do, with the blessing of the priest, in consecrated ground. Faithfully, on Nov. 2, they bring wreaths, have them blessed, and go in procession to the cemetery, where the graves are again blessed, and prayers are said. The little ones of the mission schools, especially, are very assiduous in making as many visits as possible to the chapel on the privileged days, for the poor souls.

### ST. PAUL'S MISSION

Three hundred and six children came this year to St. Paul's, and Father Sylvester sits at his desk, and wonders where all the money is to come from to pay the sheaf of bills before him. He is hoping the winter will be a mild one, so the coal bill will not run excessively high, and so his people will not have to suffer too much; for the depression that is felt by every one of us, has hit them doubly hard, particularly since there have been no crops. "Never," writes Father, "in thirty-seven years has South Dakota seen such a total crop failure and such a plague of grasshoppers. Our trials are indeed multiple this year." To add to these crosses, he has suffered the fire which laid low a brand new building, covered only partly by insurance. He is rebuilding it in part, because it is so sorely needed, and the contractor has kindly consented to wait for his money. Send a little mite monthly, if possible; the prayers



At Lunch Out-of-Doors—Seven Dolors



of the Indian children are powerful, and bring many blessings. The Little Flower will help those who help her beloved missions; she has brought employment to those out of work, health to the sick, conversions, return to the sacraments of neglectful Catholics, rented vacant property, for those who promised her a donation for the missions. Prayer with almsgiving moves the Heart of God.

#### NEW TERRITORY ASSIGNED TO MARTY

We take the following note from the December number of *The Little Bronzed Angel*, the splendid little news letter that Father Sylvester sends monthly to the patrons, benefactors, and friends of St. Paul's Indian Mission at Marty. One dollar the year is the price of a subscription. The proceeds go to the support of the Mission.

"November 24th.—The Bishop of Omaha has requested us to take over the Santee Mission in Nebraska, and we have agreed to do so. The Santee Sioux Reservation lies forty-five miles from Marty, as the crow flies. The shortest auto route is about fifty-five miles, if the crossing over the Missouri River can be made by ferry in summer, or on the ice in winter. The long route, by the way of the bridge at Yankton, is a little more than a hundred miles. Each month Father Hildebrand or Father Sylvester will pay a visit to those neglected Indians of the Santee tribe, and remain with them a week."

#### LETTERS FROM MARTY PUPILS

Dear Friend:—

Father tells me that you would like to hear about our Mission. I am glad to tell you about it. We have a great many children here this year—around three hundred. Some are from North Dakota, and some from around Marty. I have been here four years, and I live fourteen miles southeast of here. I have four brothers and five sisters. Now I am working in the bakery, and we have a new oven. To-day the men are working on the basement for the new building. Wishing you God's blessing, I remain,

Your friend,  
George Drapeau.

Dear Friend:—

I take pleasure in writing you a few lines, as Father Sylvester asked me to. We children are all well and happy here in school. We have plenty to eat and plenty of clothes, thanks to our kind benefactors. I work in the kitchen in the morning and go to school in the afternoon. I am in the Fifth Grade, and live at Santee, Nebraska. I have three brothers; one is big and the other two are small. My tribe is Sioux. Well, that is about all, and I hope you will enjoy this little note.

Yours truly,  
Caroline Wabashaw.

#### IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

As we mentioned in a previous issue, Father Justin now has an assistant in the person of Father Fintan Baltz, O. S. B., who has come to help bear the heavy burdens of the Mission, now that Father Pius is unable to do any active work. Many years ago, another Father Fintan labored at Immaculate Conception Mission—Father Fintan Wiederkehr, and he was much revered by the Sioux Indians, who called him Ohomni Nakipa, meaning "running around." This name had something to do with a battle, when, by making a strategic attack from around the side of a hill, they overcame their enemies. For ten years Father Fintan labored tirelessly and most successfully among the Indians scattered hundreds of miles up and down the Missouri River. His outfit was a team and spring wagon, a tent and a Mass kit. A supply of crackers and sausage was his food. He would be gone for months, and then return to rest a little, and spend days writing all the baptisms, marriages, and deaths at which he had ministered, in the Record Book, which give mute testimony to this day of his zeal and success among the Indians. He lies now at rest in the little cemetery at St. Meinrad Abbey in Indiana, but his privations, hardships, and sacrifices are blazed in letters of gold in the Book of Life, which will be read on the Last Great Day.

#### COMPOSITION BY IMMACULATE CONCEPTION PUPIL

##### MY SOLEMN COMMUNION

This was my first year at Immaculate Conception Mission. Of all the happy days I have ever had, I consider the day of my Solemn Communion the very happiest of all. We had a week of instructions, given by Rev. Father Wm. Walker, who is here at present. The happy day, May 10, arrived; the weather was extremely unpleasant, but just the same, we all enjoyed the Feast. We all marched up into the sanctuary and renewed our baptismal vows. Then Mass began, and we received Holy Communion at the altar. After Mass we had our scapulars, prayer books, and rosaries blessed. The prayer books were given us by Father Justin. God bless him! I will never forget this happy day.

Louis Agord.

##### SEVEN DOLORS MISSION

We print a picture of the children as they ate their luncheon outside while their dining room was being fixed up for the play they gave. They enjoyed it very much, feeling that it was something like a picnic to eat in the open. Father Ambrose writes that they will welcome any clothing that our readers may be able to send in, and especially shoes—the wider the last the better, but any style and size will find a wearer. Some clothing that cannot be used otherwise, is given to the Indian mothers, who make it over into coats and trousers for their boys. Most of these women were

(Continued on page 431)



AGNES BROWN HERING

### HIS MERRY-GO-ROUND

(A Christmas Thought)

A. K., O. S. B.

Yes, all the wide world to-day is merry.—Why?  
Just 'cause One Little Boy  
Insists He'd have His joy:  
"Big merry-go-round" alone would satisfy.—  
And so His Heart Divine,  
That beats like yours and mine,  
So merrily makes all things go round.—That's why.

### CHAT

During the Christmas season we seem to be closer to the Infant Savior. He seems to be right in our midst. In many homes and in the churches we have reproductions of the table at Bethlehem with the dear little Christ Child the center of the group. As we look upon the scene our hearts warm with sentiments of love and adoration for the tiny Babe.

Our Blessed Savior is present in the tabernacle in every Catholic church as He was in the stable at Bethlehem. He is just as pleased when we come to visit Him now as He was to be visited in the stable at Bethlehem by the Shepherds and the Magi—the three holy Kings from the East.

Our New Years day is a good time to resolve to make more progress spiritually than we have in the past. We should resolve to be more careful in saying our prayers well, to be always at Mass on time on Sundays and holydays of obligation, to be charitable in word and deed to our neighbor, and to observe all the obligations that distinguish a good Catholic from a poor one.

Now is a good time to resolve always to wear a smiling countenance and to bear hardships cheerfully. Failures, if rightly used, are stepping stones to success.

"Don't be churlish over hardships;  
They are stepping stones to God.  
Though so near the earth you're walking,  
There is hope in every clod.  
Turn your hardships into milestones,  
And your sorrows into gain;  
Strength and stamina you garner,  
From each bit of conquered pain."

To all the Boys and Girls of the CORNER both young and old, we wish a Happy New Year.

### ANOTHER "LITTLE FLOWER"

FR. PATRICK SHAUGHNESSY, O. S. B.

In recent years we have heard of a number of little children whose holy, but short lives have been a source of edification to all that knew them, and the sweet perfume of their virtues has spread far and wide. Such, for example, was Little Nellie of Holy God, scarcely more than an infant, who died some years ago in Ireland. Another was little Jane McClory of Trowbridge, Illinois, who died at the tender age of nine on June 25, 1928. In the August number of THE GRAIL we gave you a brief sketch of Guy de Fontgalland, a saintly little French boy who died January 24, 1925, twelve years of age. This month we have another brief sketch—that of a saintly little girl whose holy death occurred on January 14, 1922. Anne de Guigné is her name. She lacked three months of being eleven when the Divine Gardener plucked this tender blossom from His garden on earth and transplanted it among the lilies and roses of Paradise to bloom throughout eternity. My dear children, we still have saints on earth. The grace of God is as powerful now as it ever was. Then why don't we have more saints? Read this brief sketch thoughtfully and see if you can answer that question for yourselves. Why are you not one of these saintly souls?

Anna de Guigné was born at Annecy-le Vieux in France on the 25th of April, 1911. Her father, a model Catholic, fell in the World War in July, 1915. Anna, now four years old, was very much like other little children of that age: she had both good and bad qualities. She had a sincere, open heart, a good understanding, and a strong will. On the other hand, she had a quick temper and was often unmanageable. Of the four children in the family she was the most difficult to handle. An example will help to show the determination of her character. Some chocolate bonbons had been placed on the top of a glass cupboard where they were thought to be safely out of the reach of the children. But by placing stools on top of one another she managed to reach the box of candy. She was caught and punished, but one can see from this her inclinations were not all to the good.

Soon, however, little Anna learned to suppress her evil inclinations. In February, 1916, she became sick for the first time. During this sickness she suffered much without complaint. She was required to bathe in very hot water, which was not at all agreeable, but she suppressed her feelings and no complaint was

heard. She was told of the mystery of the redemption, and that if one united his suffering with that of Christ, it would be a means of saving souls. We must remember that Anna was then only five years old.

About this time a governess was placed over the children. "When I saw Anna the first time," wrote the governess later on, "I was enchanted by this little four-year-old. She greeted me with an ease and naturalness that I have never seen before in one so young. Soon I perceived that this charm, which she carried with her, was far surpassed by the measureless goodness, meekness, and self-denial of which her heart was full, so that I came to the belief that this child was from her birth endowed with a good, or rather a perfect, nature." As we have seen, however, this goodness was not a gift of nature.

As the time of her first Holy Communion drew near Anna prepared herself very diligently. When the Bishop read the list of names of the First Communion class, he wished to strike out that of Anna, for she was not yet six years old. However, he was persuaded to allow her to remain, provided that she would pass a strict examination. This she did in spite of the fact that the priest asked her other questions than those in the book. After she had answered all clearly and distinctly, the priest asked her what were her principal faults.

"Pride and disobedience," she replied simply. She was told of the obedience of Jesus and was asked when He obeys.

"In the Holy Mass, at the moment of consecration."

"At what words does He obey?"

"This is my Body, this is my Blood."

Then she was questioned concerning the sacraments.

"Which have you already received?"

"Baptism and penance."

"Which will you yet receive?"

"The Holy Eucharist and confirmation."

"And later?"

"Perhaps the sacrament of matrimony."

"And the priesthood?"

"Oh, Father, the priesthood is for you."

The priest was astonished at such answers and was well satisfied with Anna's knowledge. Therefore she was permitted to receive her first Holy Communion with the others.

She was asked if she was not excited over such a great act.

"Oh no," she answered. "Why should I be? The loving Jesus has said He wishes it to be so. He wishes to come into our hearts."

On March 26, 1917, she reverently received her much beloved Jesus for the first time. One of the witnesses wrote concerning her: "What has Jesus desired from her, what has she promised Him? That is a mystery between these two, but certainly the Divine Savior has revealed Himself to this extraordinary soul." On a piece of paper which was found later on were the words: "I want my heart to be always pure as a lily for Jesus."

At the beginning of a retreat in April, 1921, she

wrote: "The more I shall speak to Him, the more He will answer me. He will speak to me through the priest, by the advice that will be given to me. Before all, however, He will speak to me in the depths of my soul through grace. The good God will say to me: 'I want you to be obedient, I don't want to see you proud any more. If you are so now at this age, what will become of you later on?'" By writing such thoughts in her notebook she helped to improve herself spiritually. For she not only wrote them, but she also strove to put them into practice.

Again she wrote: "One must have great reverence for the presence of God. One must honor God and one's parents, and do everything to give them joy: love them with one's whole heart, render them as much service as possible. To honor one's parent's is to serve them, to obey them, to do all that they wish." These same thoughts occur time and again in her notes; for instance, "A child that is disobedient to parents and teacher, one that is moody, jealous, and idle serves the good God badly and does not do His will." Seldom will one hear such words of wisdom from a ten-year-old child.

At another time she wrote these words: "I should like to imitate the Child Jesus. My soul is destined for heaven. So much attention is paid to the clothing



Anne de Guigné at the age of Three



of the body and so little to the soul. My soul was created for eternal life—to be eternally happy or eternally unhappy. The good God wishes it to be always happy. That happiness depends on me alone. Mama cannot do this for me." And with all the power of her soul she applied herself to this great work.

She was always eager to mortify herself, seeking voluntary mortifications and accepting such as came her way unsolicited. On one occasion in her eagerness to perform a little service she brushed against some nettles that were close at hand. The burning sensation was painful.

"Poor Anna! Did you hurt yourself?" someone asked.

"Oh, no! That's nothing," she replied. "Jesus suffered much more than that." Then she hastened to console her little brother who had also pricked himself on the same plants.

Often during the winter her hands were badly chapped and glycerine was applied to them, which caused a burning sensation. Later she was seen rubbing her hands together, and when asked why she was doing so, she answered frankly: "Because then it causes more pain." She could not do great penances but many were the occasions she made use of to suffer little things for Jesus. To her governess she wrote once on a card: "We can surely suffer something for Jesus Christ because He has suffered for us." And at another time she said: "There are pleasures on this earth—but they do not last; the only ones that last are those that come from making a sacrifice." She was not yet nine years old when she said: "A long life is a blessing because it gives us the possibility of suffering much for Jesus Christ."

Anna had a great esteem for the sacrament of penance. She confessed very earnestly, according to the testimony of her confessor, so that one could notice that she was careful not only not to forget anything but also not to err in her judgment.

"Confession," she wrote at the age of nine, "is a very very great sacrament. It gives us yet more grace than we had before. Therefore we must gladly go to confession. One must confess his sins with great frankness. Afterwards he must be very sorry for them because through sin the love for God is lessened.

The way that Anna followed was a "little way." Only little things could she do, but these she tried to do well. "To do all as well as possible" was the ideal for which she strove. When she made a little sacrifice she said: "Good Jesus, I offer it to Thee." "When you have no courage to work, when the work is difficult for you, think of offering it to God. One must offer Him all. Nothing is difficult when one loves Him. Our work is a present that we make to the loving Jesus. As the saints had only one care—to possess God; one wish—to see Him; one fear—that of offending Him."

She strove to be obedient as the Child Jesus in Nazareth. An example will show how highly she esteemed this virtue. She had heard that the missionaries must wear beards. "But what do they do

to be obedient, when it will not grow?" she asked on one occasion when she was yet very small. According to the testimony of witnesses she never asked 'why' when she was told to do something, but she always hurried off to obey.

Little Anna learned to give no superfluous attention to her personal appearance. When she was only four years old the governess saw her one day before a mirror. On being questioned, Anna admitted that she was pretty. She was told that beauty is a gift from God and we must not take credit for it ourselves. After this she was very sorry for her weakness and it was not necessary to tell her a second time. Later, someone told her that her second tooth was not as pretty as her first one. "Oh, that makes no difference," she answered, "as long as the little Jesus is satisfied."

(Concluded next month)

#### LETTER BOX

Here is a surprise for the CORNER this month. From what far-off place do you think we are greeted? Under date of October 15, the CORNER is in receipt of a letter from Nellore, British India, from P. Bala Xavier, a native priest at St. John's Seminary who is very desirous of receiving Catholic magazines but who has no funds with which to obtain them. He was ordained five years ago and for the past two years has been teaching Dogmatic Theology in the seminary, and in addition to this has been editing the *Messenger of Christ the King* (organ of the Apostleship of Prayer) in the Telugu language which is spoken in that part of British India. There are four others (Mill Hill Fathers, London) teaching in the same institution which was begun five years ago with a few students and which now enrolls 32. In another year they will have their first ordinations and after that they hope to ordain native priest regularly. Among the magazines which generous-hearted persons in America are sending regularly are THE GRAIL and *The Tabernacle and Purgatory*. Father Xavier tells us further that their bishop, Rt. Rev. Mgr. Wm. Bouten, who was in America the past summer, regards THE GRAIL as a very interesting magazine?

Among the magazines which Father Xavier would like to have sent to him regularly are these three: *Ave Maria*, *America*, *Truth*. If any of the readers of the CORNER can send any one of these magazines to this far-away place, the kindness will be greatly appreciated. The address is P. Bala Xavier, St. John's Seminary, Nellore, British India.

If you can't give a subscription, maybe you can send a copy regularly after it has been read at home.

Adrian Emery writes again, and a very, very excellent letter it is, and very deserving of the B-Z-B Button which he covets. Those who have been wondering what the rules are that are required to win a button, read this letter carefully and write one as entertaining.



Dear Aunt Agnes,

I have long wanted to write to the "Children's Corner" again but since school has begun I've been kept pretty busy. The purpose of this letter is threefold—1st, To ask for my Fidelity Button, which I should have received long ago; 2nd, To revive an interest in the "Children's Corner" as a means to obtain new friends; and 3rd, To ask if the following letter is worthy of a B-Z-B Button.

Last Wednesday I and several other boys went to see the Detroit Free Press Building. It houses a newspaper paper plant which I will attempt to describe.

The editorial room first claimed my attention. In this room were many men busy doing different things. Some were telegraph or wireless receivers. Some were reporters bringing in the news which was written first by hand and then by typewriters. After the editors, who were also in this room, had finished scratching out certain things deemed not necessary, the paper looked as though a baby had been playing with a blue pencil.

The typesetting room was a long, wide room filled with linotype machines and men working at them. It was in this room that it was decided how the news was to be arranged on the paper.

In order to print the papers there have to be plates. To make these plates it is necessary to make, first, a plate from cardboard, and at the same time, to melt lead to pour over these cardboard plates. After the lead had cooled and hardened it was placed in the press.

This paper used to manufacture its own paper. The paper to be printed is kept in a long room about two hundred feet long and about seventy-five feet wide. Up and down and across this room were tracks, one and a half feet apart. The paper was moved in the most surprising manner (that's what it seemed to me at first). The big rolls of paper were put on small trucks one and three quarters square feet. In order to turn in different directions there was a turntable at every intersection of the tracks spoken of earlier in this paragraph.

The gigantic presses themselves next thrust themselves upon our notice by very loud noises. It was difficult even to think in that din. These presses occupied two big floors. At the bottom of the press I could see the paper unrolling to be printed. At the top I could see the printed paper. Some of the paper was white with dark black pictures; some was white with colored pictures; and some was colored paper with colored and plain pictures. The first was the ordinary daily paper; the second was the comic section of the Sunday paper; and the third was the feature section also of the Sunday paper.

After the paper was printed it had to be cut and folded. This was accomplished by another machine which cut and folded the papers and then put them on a belt leading to the mailing room.

In this room were several shafts from which papers were issuing. As the papers came out they were automatically counted. Then men were kept busy tying the papers into bundles and putting the bundles into trucks.

I'll have to close now as I haven't much more time. I have several correspondents as a result of joining the Children's Corner. I am 17 and a senior in high school. I'd like to have more correspondents.—Your grateful nephew, Adrian Emery, 25 Cora St., River Rouge, Mich.

#### EXCHANGE SMILES

Teacher: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Tommy: "Please, teacher, at the bottom."

DOG FOR SALE—Will eat most anything; very fond of children. (Advertisement in newspaper.)

"Mama," said her little six-year-old daughter, "please button my dress."

"You will have to do it yourself, dear," was the reply. "Mother's too busy."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the little girl. "I don't know what I'd do without myself."

### *Death of a Pioneer Priest*

On Friday afternoon of December 14 at three o'clock, while the matter for the January number of THE GRAIL was being made up into pages, good Father Benno, our senior priest, passed quietly, calmly, and without a struggle to his eternal reward. He was conscious up to almost the last moment. Internal cancer, which involved the right side of the chest, was the immediate cause of death. The funeral was held on Thursday morning, December 17. At nine o'clock the Office of the dead was chanted. This was followed by a Pontifical Mass of Requiem, which the Rt. Rev. Abbot Coadjutor celebrated. The Very Rev. Prior officiated at the burial in the little God's Acre on the western slope of the hill that faces "paradise."

Father Benno, who was born Nov. 2, 1845, was the last of the pioneers of our community, which he had

seen grow from the very beginning to its present size. On St. Benedict's day, March 21, 1854, when Fathers Bede O'Connor and Ulrich Christen, Benedictines from the famous old Abbey of Einsiedeln in Switzerland, took formal possession of the log cabin on the farm that they had bought from Henry Denning, Frank Gerber, the future Father Benno, then a boy of nine, and his brother Peter, who was a year and a half his senior, were present. On that memorable occasion Solemn High Mass was celebrated on the porch of the little log cabin, there being no church as yet. Throughout the long service, which included a sermon of more than sixty minutes' duration, the large congregation was standing in the rain.

Father Benno, who was a native of Indiana, was born on a farm near Ferdinand, about four miles from

St. Meinrad. In September, 1860, not yet quite fifteen years old, he came to the monastery to prepare for the priesthood. He had already received some instruction in the elements in Latin from Father Isidore Hobi, then pastor at Ferdinand, but later known and loved as Rector of St. Meinrad Seminary. In 1863 the youthful aspirant was clothed in the habit of St. Benedict. One year later, on the feast of Our Lady of Einsiedeln, July 16, 1864, he was professed as Frater Benno. The next great event was his ordination on Sept. 22, 1868. The priesthood was conferred by the Most Rev. Maurice de St. Palais, fourth Bishop of Vincennes (now Indianapolis). His first Mass was not celebrated until two months later on Nov. 21.

Following his ordination, Father Benno spent two years as professor and at the same time he had charge of the mission at Mariah Hill. He was not, however, of strong constitution. Hemorrhages of the lungs seemed to indicate a short lease of life. In 1871 he was appointed pastor of Fulda. Then, in 1877, he became rector of St. Meinrad College. Two more years of teaching were all that his physical condition would permit. Hemorrhages recurring, he was given a lighter task, that of procurator, which, with the exception of a three-year absence as pastor of St. Peter's Church, Belleville, Illinois, he held for fifty years.

During his long term as procurator and treasurer Father Benno erected the new monastery of sandstone in the 80's. To this building he added in the 90's a wing to the North. Beginning in the fall of 1899, he built the beautiful abbey church, which was used for the first time on March 21, 1907.

Father Benno's talents for science and languages would have stood him in good stead had his health permitted him to teach. He will long be remembered by the members of our community for his fidelity to his religious duties and practices. Until a few months ago, despite his advanced years, he was always the first in the choir for the morning office which begins each day at 4 a. m. About half past three, with candle in hand, he might have been seen almost any morning on his way up the steps and down the hallway to the church. It was not until about two months before his death that he had to give up his daily Mass.

Sixty-three years in the priesthood is a long period. Three years ago Father Benno celebrated a Solemn High Mass on the occasion of his diamond jubilee as priest. He leaves to mourn his loss two brothers, Peter, mentioned above, and John. One brother died in his youth. The three girls of the family, who preceded him in death, all entered the Benedictine convent at Ferdinand.—God grant them eternal rest!

### Abbey and Seminary

—On the feast of St. Columban, which is commemorated on Nov. 21, Abbot-elect Columban celebrated the Solemn Conventual High Mass.

—For the remainder of the school year Father Aloysius Fischer, pastor at Siberia, will succeed Abbot-elect Columban as teacher of physics in the Seminary.

—The summer weather that prevailed through the greater part of November began to take flight as the month drew to a close.

—About half of the tile has been placed on the roof of the new Minor Seminary at this writing (Dec. 7). Inclement weather has retarded the progress of the work out-of-doors. The interior is a beehive of activity. Partitions, plastering, plumbing, putting in of windows, shooting spray-flake on the lower side of the steel sheeting that forms the base of the roof, are just some of these activities.

—Early in November Mr. Edward Schulte, of the firm of Crowe & Schulte, architects, who designed the new Minor Seminary, gave us an interesting lecture with lantern slides on ecclesiastical architecture. Mr. Schulte was thus privileged to be the first to lecture in the well lighted and well ventilated assembly room in the basement of the new building that he designed, although it is still in unfinished condition.

—On the afternoon and in the evening of Nov. 25th, the day preceding Thanksgiving, Mr. Arthur Beriault, of the Beriault School of Expression at Indianapolis, gave two readings in the College Auditorium. Naturalness of expression characterized the reader. Both readings should prove of considerable benefit to those who heard them. Mr. Beriault has a son in the first year Latin class in the Minor Seminary.

—Thanksgiving Day passed pleasantly. At Solemn High Mass the whole student body took part in the singing of the chant in the Ordinary of the Mass, alternating with the monastic choir. After High Mass Benediction was given and the *Te Deum* was sung. It is an inspiration to hear the Gregorian melodies chanted harmoniously by 400 voices. Such song is uplifting, elevating.

—Father Gabriel Verkamp, who won both his Ph. D. and S. Th. D. at Rome, returned from the eternal city on Dec. 6 after an absence of seven years and two months spent in study. The doctorate in theology was conferred Nov. 20th shortly before he left for America. His first Solemn High Mass in his home parish, Ferdinand, was celebrated on Gaudete Sunday, the third Sunday of Advent. F. Gabriel succeeds Abbot-elect Columban as professor of the second course in philosophy. On Dec. 5 the class passed an examination in the matter covered since the opening of school so as to begin with a clean slate under the new professor.

—The chapel of Our Lady on Monte Cassino close by has been entirely renovated. The walls and the ceiling are adorned with beautiful frescoes. The fifteen mysteries of the rosary are depicted partly in painting, partly in symbol, while the invocations of the Litany of Loretto appear on the walls. The chapel is an inspiration to prayer and devotion—an ideal place for pilgrimages. The altar and the pews have been repainted and the stone floor made smoother. The whole interior has the appearance of being brand new. The door at the entrance to the chapel, which for many years had been covered with a heavy coat of paint, was found to be of walnut.

—The feast of St. Francis Xavier, patron of the diocese, which falls on Dec. 3, is always celebrated at the Abbey with Solemn High Mass, and the students enjoy a half holiday. This year there was an added solemnity. Having read the Offertory, the celebrant returned to the seat in the sanctuary, while the community assembled before the altar, which the Rt. Rev. Abbot Coadjutor ascended to receive the solemn vows of nine clerics of the Abbey, Fraters Maurice Patrick, Dunstan McAndrews, Alfred Baltz, Hubert Umberg, Daniel Madlon, Timothy Sexton, Walter Sullivan, Rudolph Siedling, and Cornelius Waldo. Fr. Patrick Shaughnessy, also of this class, pronounced his solemn vows at Beuron, Germany, on Sept. 8, as previously announced. Shortly thereafter the orders of the subdiaconate and the diaconate were conferred upon him before he returned to Rome for the fall term of school. These ten clerics entered the novitiate on Aug. 5, 1927. One year later they pronounced their simple vows for a period of three years. They have now consecrated themselves irrevocably to the service of God in the religious state. The priesthood will be conferred upon them at the completion of their theological studies a year or two hence. While this is a large class for our community, and there will be plenty for them to do after they shall have been equipped for their life work, we hope that many another young man, imbued with the like spirit of sacrifice, will have the courage to follow in their footsteps. We still need a goodly number of priests to help us carry on the work the Lord has apportioned to us. Besides teachers and pastors, we also need priests for the Indian missions, for the giving of Forty Hour Devotions, missions, and other priestly work.

—The Rt. Rev. George W. Schuhmann, D. D., D. C. L., a distinguished alumnus of our Seminary, '78-'80, who was ordained at Innsbruck on July 28, 1889, by Bishop Aichner for the Diocese of Louisville, died in the Colonial Hospital, Mayo Clinic, at Rochester, Minn., Nov. 29, of an infection that followed an operation performed sixteen days previously. The Monsignor, who had been pastor of St. John's Church, Louisville, since 1908, was popular both with people and with priests. The deceased had been Chancellor of the diocese, and was Vicar General at the time of his death. In 1923, previous to the appointment of Bishop Floersh as ordinary of Louisville, he was Apostolic Administrator of the diocese.—Of the five boys who came from St. Mary's parish in Louisville to St. Meinrad College in 1878, all were ordained to the priesthood. Of these one was Father Dominic Barthel, who served as rector of the College for thirty-four years. Three of the five are now dead. The two survivors are Father George A. Weiss, pastor of St. George's Church, Louisville, and the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Frank Henry, who is pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Topeka, Kansas.

### Book Notices

*Midget.* The Story of a Boy Who was Always Goin' Alone. By Rev. Raymond J. O'Brien. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, etc. Net, \$1.25. Postage, 10 cents.

Rarely does one find as much stirring action packed between the covers of a juvenile book as is contained in "Midget." The American boy has energy infinite, and he will burst unless some of it is put to work. If it is put to the right kind of work, his energy will be his making; otherwise it will be his undoing. The right or wrong handling of a boy means the success or failure of his life. Fr. Ryan, Sr. Josephine, and the Police force understand boys. Norris, a self-sufficient rookie, does not.—In this story junior gangdom is let loose. Had the police tried to crush this "gang of young hoodlums, always up to something," the boys would have resented it, and in all likelihood would have gone astray in their dislike for the law. The hero-worship of American boyhood cannot be suppressed. Direct it towards the right kind of heroes and it will be productive of much good. Fist fights galore uphold the ethics of Christian boyhood. There is tucked away somewhere in this book a lesson for father, mother, brother, and sister. J. P.

*The Living Voice.* By Agnes Blundell. 12mo, cloth, Net, \$2.00; postage 10 cents. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, etc. This is an historical novel of England in the seventeenth century, when the hearts and minds of men were as violently torn by doubtful claims to allegiance as was the country by the false pretensions of interested and unscrupulous Cromwells. The desperate helplessness of Lord Strange, when arraigned in mock court for violation of a law he could not have known, forcibly reminds the reader of a similar passage in *A Tale of Two Cities*. There is a marked likeness in the two books. Religious persecution in *The Living Voice* is the cause of the revolution, playing the same part as the hatred for aristocracy in *A Tale of Two Cities*. Loyalty to the King, fidelity to duty and to conscience, love and romance are the subject of every page. The story is beautiful and will lead Catholic readers to appreciate the Faith saved for them in such troublous times by men who knew not fear. J. P.

*The Scholarship Ideal at the Catholic University of America*, by Leo V. Jacks, Ph. D., and *Patristic Studies in Washington*, a collection of tributes to the work of the Department of Greek and Latin of the Catholic University of America, are two pamphlets whose purpose is to make known the excellent work being done at the University, and to arouse an active interest in this work.

The first explains what pure scholarship is, lays down the aims and purposes of the Catholic University, and reveals the need for a national Catholic University equal to any university in the land. The scholarship ideal of the Catholic University is bearing remarkable fruit, we are told, in the form of published research of great value. The one respect in which the Catholic University is inferior to other American universities is in the smallness of its resources.

That the work of the University is adjudged of great value by contemporary scholars of the United States, England, and the Continent, is manifestly shown in the second brochure, which is nothing else than a collection of testimonials from the University of Oxford, Aberdeen, St. Andrew's, Paris, Berlin, Gies-sen, Erlangen, and several dozens more from renowned Schools of Europe and America. J. P.

### ANNOUNCEMENT

The Vivisection Investigation League, whose address is Room 1004, 88 Lexington Ave., New York City, requests us to announce that to those who are opposed to the vivisection of animals it will upon request send literature on the subject.





Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

## On the Crest of the Wave

CHAPTER XVII—IN THE TROUGH

THE summer passed pleasantly and happily for both Madeline and Lily. Robert Aylsworth, who had been Madeline's sponsor at baptism, had, it seemed, attached himself permanently to Lily under the title of "most particular boy friend," and together, the four of them, Ronald and Madeline, Lily and Robert, often went out together and had some very good times. They played tennis and golf, and went boating and swimming, and took boat or train trips up country of a Sunday, besides taking in the theaters and dancing and having intimate little dinners together afterwards. Madeline was so happy that sometimes she felt it was almost too good to be true, for after all she had been through, she sometimes felt just a little distrustful of life. But after all, why should not she have some sunshine? She had had plenty of rain in her life.

And so the summer waned into autumn, and the time came for frost to be on the pumpkin, and Mrs. Trevillian, kindly soul, bethought herself to give a Hallowe'en party at her home for the girls. Eileen, as was her wont, wrinkled her dainty nose and upbraided her mother for indulging once again her pet weakness, but although the girl had her own way in most things, in this, Mrs. Trevillian was adamant. No one had the power to interfere with her charities, and that was something in her favor. But she did make one concession; she decided not to have the party proper in the house, although she would allow the girls to put their wraps upstairs in one of the guest rooms, as heretofore.

She had a brilliant idea, and she carried it out with as much accuracy of detail and obliviousness to expense, as if it were a debutante coming-out party for Eileen herself. A huge tent was erected at the side of the house, connected with the house itself, and covering the entire side lawn, from front to rear, shrubbery and all. The chrysanthemum bushes were all in bloom, and this made a pretty picture. The ceiling of the tent was not very high, however, about twelve feet or so, and this was faced with dark blue cloth, to represent a midnight sky, and this was pricked out in small silver stars, through each of which a tiny electric bulb was thrust. At one end, where the orchestra

was to be placed, was a painted background, representing a harvest field, with a real golden harvest moon hung low in the sky, the moon being an electric light behind a disc of flame-colored frosted glass. The orchestral platform was placed between banked bushes, which luckily, still retained their foliage because of the mild weather.

The grass was still velvety under foot, and made a perfect carpet; around each supporting pole was grouped a bunch of cornstalks, while lighted pumpkins, cut out as jack-o'-lanterns, hung in jolly profusion wherever one looked. Apples, grapes, pears, and other fruits hung in strings and festoons from the ceiling, for the guests to pick at pleasure, while cozy tables and chairs for groups of four were placed in orderly rows. In the center was an ornate fountain with immense goldfish in its basin, upon whose gently spouting waters an ever-changing kaleidoscope of colored lights constantly played. Even the heating was ingeniously arranged for by two immense pipes, one out of each cellar window, through which heat was blown into the tent from the basement by a fan and heater. Cats, witches, and ghosts met one on every side, and a very frightful-looking goblin, with clammy rubber-glove hands was to greet the guests at the door.

As at the last party at the Trevillians', the home was all excitement and hubbub, for no matter how many parties a girl goes to, what is more exciting than another party, especially such an especial one as this was to be? Mrs. Trevillian had stipulated that to this affair, the girls must wear gingham dresses, so they need not be afraid to ruin more expensive frocks while playing the Hallowe'en games. She wanted them to have as good a time as possible, without having to worry about clothes. So the sewing machines whirled away busily every night, and not a girl but had as pretty a dress as could be contrived.

Eileen Trevillian eyed all this preparation with an unhappy sneer, for she knew it meant that she would have to go through a whole evening watching Ronald Westover pay court to a "hateful little working girl," as she put it to herself. "Little adventuress, she's completely wound him around her little finger, and the fool fell for her!" she soliloquized with gnashed teeth, and by the time the hour of the party arrived, her temper had begun to glow white-hot. How many times during that summer had she not tried to get Ronald



to take her to various places, but in vain; he always had a previous engagement. Once or twice she did succeed in getting him to come to an informal dinner or two at her own home, with a small, select company chosen out of her own crowd, but he always left early. She had cunningly attired herself for the Halloween party in a stunning white satin gown, severely plain, with a flashing diamond necklace and bracelet, and when the girls arrived in their simple gingham—pink, pale blue, green and lavender, she looked regal—but out of place. She was a beautiful girl with the cold, calculating heart of a Lucifer. Her mother had insisted that she remain and help with the party, and she grudgingly obeyed, but determined to have her own fun by out-dazzling these shopgirls, lest any more eligible (and gullible, she thought fiercely) society males be caught in their dangling nooses.

Ronald, of course, came early, at the time appointed by Mrs. Trevillian for the society "stags" whom she had invited to help entertain, and for a brief time, before the patronesses' automobiles, filled with girls, arrived, Eileen had him to herself.

"You're a fine one," she chided. "I scarcely ever see you any more. Why don't you come down to the house some time like you used to?"

"I came when I was invited, didn't I?" teased he, smiling.

"Do you need an invitation? You didn't, a year ago or so."

"Well, you see, Dad doesn't leave me much time to run around any more." Eileen raised her finely pencilled eyebrows and gave him a look.

"Dad? That's a new one, isn't it?" she asked coldly.

"Not at all. He has been taking me into the business more and more, and resting greater responsibilities upon my shoulders right along. You see, he realizes that he is growing old, and that pretty soon he will have to retire, and—" But she raised a hand glittering with rings and waved it toward him in a gesture of cold unbelief.

"You needn't explain. If you wanted to come, you'd find a way. All I can say is, that you're not very loyal to your old friends."

"Have I done anything disloyal?"

"Call it faithful, then. You're not a very faithful friend. You've thrown down all your old friends for a—"

"A what?" He was bridling now.

"A little nobody. Does your father know you're running with a shopgirl?" Ronald turned white, thrust his hands into his pockets and came very close to the girl, his eyes burning into hers.

"Eileen, if you weren't a girl I'd—" but just then the door burst open and a crowd of laughing, happy girls burst in, and Ronald left Eileen to go and look for Madeline. The proud, satin-clad queen's heart now burned with the acid of hatred and jealousy, and as Madeline, fresh and lovely, entered the reception hall, unaware of the frightful turmoil she had caused in the heart of her hostess' daughter, the latter came

forward icily at her mother's beckoning finger, and helped receive the guests. Not a move of Ronald's or Madeline's missed her vigilant eye, and while she seemed absorbed in gay conversation with one of the young men, her wildly-aching heart never ceased questing for some method of revenge. Now she had done it! Self-reproach added to her misery. Instead of winning Ronald back to her side, she had irrevocably antagonized him, and this caused her unspeakable agony, for she really loved the young man. He never once cast a glance her way, and when she purposely passed him by, with some wild scheme in her heart, of dragging him to some remote corner, there to cast pride in the dust and pour out all the pain of her heart, he always averted his eyes, or turned his back. The thought of this "little upstart shopgirl" capturing the most eligible young man of the season, and the vision of her own dreary life stretching out in gray loneliness through the years, was driving her to madness.

Meanwhile, the party began. Four of the patronesses, including Mrs. Trevillian, began arranging for the games, while a black orchestra played the very latest and sprightliest jazz. Several couples leaped up and began dancing between the rows of tables, unable to restrain their feet, and this continued until the first of the games started. There were new ones as well as the time-honored ones, interspersed with refreshments at the tables, and a minstrel entertainment by the black orchestra.

Ronald and Madeline sat, absorbed in each other, talking gaily, and enjoying the affair immensely, while on the sidelines stood one with the greenest of green-eyed monsters devouring her very vitals. At last, unable to bear the torture longer, she fled upstairs to her room, locked the door, and flung herself across her dainty lace and satin-covered bed and sobbed and wept into the pillows until she thought her very heart must have been torn from its moorings. Having exhausted all her tears, she lay for a few moments in silence, and then angry at herself for giving in to such weakness, she suddenly sat bolt upright and dashed the tears aside. Tears! What did they ever bring one? Nothing but sore eyes and a headache! She was a fool to waste them on a worthless little shopgirl! Action! That was the thing! Do something—But what?

For a long time she sat and pondered different ways and means of entangling Madeline's feet, so that she might stumble and be tripped out of Ronald's path. It must be something very plausible, for Ronald was shrewd and not easily taken in. Suddenly, an idea came—would she dare? For a single instant, conscience made its small voice heard. Would this be a sin? And what would one call it? But impatiently she elbowed conscience out of the way. All was fair in love and war. She had known Ronald first. Was it fair for Madeline to take him away? Self-justified, she leaped up, and took two or three turns about the room, thinking hard. Then she unlocked her door, went to her mother's room and seeing that no one was about, she opened the dressed drawer, unlocked her mother's jewel box, and took out a string of real

pearls, three rings, and a bracelet that she had seen her mother wearing that afternoon. These she distributed about the top of the dressing table, as if her mother had casually laid them there when undressing. But one of them, a costly diamond dinner ring, she took with her to the dressing room where the girls' wraps hung, on a row of hall trees.

With quick and canny eye, she searched out Madeline's coat and hat, and found in the coat pocket the glittering rhinestone handbag which had been a gift of Lily's the Christmas before. She knew exactly what Madeline wore, her hatred having burned every detail into her seething brain, and she remembered feeling a private sneer within herself upon viewing the rhinestone bag—"cheap and gaudy, trying to ape the rich," she had passed judgment at the time. Now she opened the handbag, saw therein a pair of tan gloves, and cunningly hid the dinner ring between their folds, so that it could not help but fall out when Madeline tried to take out her gloves. Then, feeling all her troubles drop away, she returned the handbag to the pocket, and light-heartedly ran back to her room, there to remove the traces of her recent tears. A few minutes later, she came downstairs and sought out her mother.

"Mother, you really ought not to be so careless," she reproached. "I saw your pearls and rings lying on your dressing table; why hasn't Julie put them away? Also—I saw one of your precious shopgirls snooping about up there. Better go up and see that nothing is missing."

"Now, Eileen, you are always ready to judge—"

"I wouldn't be too sure, Mother. Better go and look."

Mrs. Trevillian went, albeit reluctantly; she was too generous-hearted to suspect anybody. Meanwhile, Eileen became almost hysterically gay, even speaking kindly and interestedly to several of the hated shopgirls. She even went so far as to join in with some of the games, where heretofore she had remained snobbishly aloof, and some of the girls remarked that she was really quite a nice person, once you got to know her. Inwardly, however, she was under a tension; she strove not to look at the door whence she expected her mother to emerge in a few moments, but at the same time, she could scarcely wait for her scheme to start working. She had not long to wait, nor did she need to watch the door. Mrs. Trevillian came into the tent and had a cornetist blow a bugle call to obtain silence. When everyone was listening, she announced that an expensive diamond dinner ring had disappeared from her dressing table upstairs, and asked if anyone had seen such a ring. But no one answered.

Eileen, with a thinly disguised smile of exultation on her lips, made her way to her mother's side.

"Why not have everyone searched?" she suggested in a hard voice.

"Eileen! I won't have my guests insulted."

"All right; and you told the house detective he

won't be needed to-night. It seems he is. Shall I give him a ring?"

"No; Julie insists she put my jewels away."

"She would. You don't think she would admit forgetting them?"

"No, I suppose not; but I've always thought her truthful."

"Mother, you're too trustful."

"Who was the girl you saw upstairs?" Mrs. Trevillian suddenly asked. Eileen was taken unawares, but quickly recovered herself.

"I couldn't tell you, Mother. I didn't get close enough to see her face. In fact, I didn't want to be seen myself."

"It would have been better had you gone into the room. You might have saved the ring."

"Then you do suspect somebody?"

"Well, not exactly. I'll give them the benefit of the doubt until I learn differently."

"All right; have it your own way. But I'll bet you never see that ring any more."

"It isn't the ring, my dear, I can get another easily enough. It's the principle of the thing. I'd have trusted those girls with anything in the house. Well, it may have fallen to the floor and rolled into a corner. I didn't look. You'd better have Julie make a thorough search." Eileen did, knowing it would be useless.

The music began again, and the games were resumed, and the guests forgot all about the lost bauble. Midnight approached, and the couples snatched a last chance to dance between the tables, for none of the patronesses' parties lasted longer than that. The last waltz, and then the black men began to pack up their instruments, and the girls trooped upstairs to get their wraps. Eileen followed closely behind them, for she wanted to be "in at the killing." She stood just outside the door of the dressing room, and, without seeming to watch, knew Madeline's every movement. Now she was putting on her coat; now her hat, and joking in an aside to Lily. Then—the crucial moment—Eileen's heart missed a beat. She tried to appear unconcerned—Madeline reached into her pocket and extracted the rhinestone bag—opened it, her eyes laughing into Lily's and her pretty cheeks dimpling—drew out her gloves without looking—and the ring tumbled out glittering to the floor.

"Ooooooh!" came a chorus of awed, astonished girls.

"There! What did I tell you!" suddenly cried Eileen in exultation, advancing into the room with as much sternness as possible. "Mother! Mother! Come in here!" And picking the ring off the floor, she held it out to Mrs. Trevillian, who was just entering.

"This fell out of that girl's handbag," pointing to Madeline.

(To be continued)

### Planning a Rock Garden

If you are intending to build a rock garden next spring, the time to begin thinking about it is now. Look the yard over, and decide definitely where it shall

be placed. The best place for a rock garden is in a corner of the yard, preferably a rear corner, since anyone coming into the yard from the front is thus presented with a pleasing view. However, if water is to be used in the scheme—a concrete sunken basin for goldfish, surrounded by rough, irregular rocks, the water supply is more easily handled closer to the house. However, an iron pipe for this purpose may just as easily be run along the underside of the two-by-four forming the top support of the division fence, attached with staples, and kept painted to prevent leakage caused by rust. This is preferable to burying the pipe in the ground, as, in time—and a very short time, at that—the pipe will be consumed by rust and start to leak.

Now, as to gathering the materials for the rock garden. In some parts of the country brown sandstone may be had for the picking along country roads—farmers are glad to have them removed. Or the porous, water-marked rocks which are found near caves or watercourses, are very attractive, providing spaces where plants may fix their roots. Sometimes, too, glittering stalactite rocks from caves may be obtained, and by partly burying these in the earth, and placing earth in their crevices, lovely trailing plants and mosses will take delight in growing their beautiful best, if little slips of these are started in them.

Before going ahead, one must have a definite idea or plan in mind, and either map it out on paper, or study it out on the land itself. Gardening magazines give pictures of different rock settings, but the best idea may be had by studying rock formations on hill-sides and in woods, noting how they are placed, how the plants grow in and around them, etc. In a rear yard, with an alley for background, the first thing would be to camouflage the alley by bushes, such as bridal weath, althea, hydrangea, and the like, then begin building the rocks in front of these. These rocks may be gathered leisurely throughout the entire winter during auto trips along unfrequented roads. Two, three, or more stones may be brought back on each trip, depending upon size. It is best to have all the stones alike—that is, all sandstone, or limestone, or watermarked, as this will make a better appearance.

If a basin is planned, this had better be built first, and the stones later placed around it, in as natural a manner as possible. This basin need not be very deep—not more than two feet, as a deeper one would present difficulties in cleaning, as they must be scrubbed out once in awhile. At the watermark, a small screened drain is placed to prevent overflow from the water which must trickle in night and day, to keep it fresh. Another drain, fitted with a cap, is placed in the bottom, to empty the basin just before winter sets in. To this cap is tached a chain leading out of the water and anchored somewhere among the rocks, so that it may simply be pulled in order to empty the tank. A screen should be placed at the bottom of this opening also, in case the cap is accidentally moved. Fern, iris, wandering Jew, moss, and umbrella plants love this rock setting.

## Helping the Poor

"The poor we have always with us," said our Lord, but this year we have more poor with us than ever, due to the countless unemployed people everywhere. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver" may be applied here, for there are also still a goodly number whom the Lord has blessed, by giving them steady work, never losing a day; there are plenty of others, too, holding high-salaried positions, who never have the smallest worry about a wolf at the door. God looks to those whom He has blessed to help their less fortunate neighbors, if not by outright gifts of money, at least by helping in every manner possible. There are the poor old decrepit grandfathers and grandmothers and cripples who come to our doors selling buttons, shoe strings, needles and pins, thread and whatnot. Nearly everyone can use some such little notion about the house, and God is watching those who have never felt the pinch of want to see whether they will refuse to help one of these "little ones" of His. Remember, all blessing and good fortune are in His hands, and He can very easily take away that good position if we are ungrateful.

"Whatsoever you do to the least of these" can well mean the little boy whose mother sends him around selling matches from door to door because father is out of work, or the widow who sells paper flowers that she makes herself to support her little ones, or the man who comes asking for something to do about the house—just anything—cleaning out ashes, or scrubbing the porch, or chopping wood. Many of those with the good jobs could easily invent little chores about the house to give these self-respecting persons who are willing to work at anything, but can find nothing. There are many little things about the house—raking leaves, washing the car, scrubbing down the cellar floor, washing windows—that the householder in comfortable circumstances might find to give a willing worker a chance to earn a quarter or half dollar. In these stressful times it is a patriotic duty for one citizen to help another, lest the red waves of anarchy break loose and wash away all law and order and personal gains!

## Smokeless Fires

A certain city smoke commissioner amends the old adage, "Where there's smoke, there's fire," to read, "Where there's smoke, there's a poor fire," and this may still be amended to read, "Where there's smoke there's a poorly regulated fire." Some fuels produce more, some less, smoke, but all, even the cheapest and sootiest kinds, will smoke but little if handled correctly. Sometimes we see, in the residential district, a flat or cottage from whose chimney periodically great volumes of black smoke rises, polluting the air roundabout, and generously besprinkling the neighborhood with soot in varying sizes and chunks. This happens only when the drafts are wide open, and anyone guilty of sending up great clouds of smoke many times a day, is wasting, not only fuel, but money.

Early in the morning, when the fire is very low, or



out, it is of course necessary to open the drafts wide for a short period, in order to secure a good bed of fire; but as soon as the fuel has a good start, the drafts should be checked at once, for most of the heat is flying out the chimney when they are open. If a good hot fire is wanted quickly, as soon as the coal has started to blaze, check the pipe draft on the furnace and close the large gate at the bottom, leaving the small grate on it open one or two notches. This drives the fire into a hot blaze, sends the heat where it belongs—through the hot-air chutes or into the hot water pipes, and curls the smoke back upon the hot fire bed, where its gases ignite and help to produce heat, instead of going out the chimney. The pipe draft should be opened only when adding more fuel, so that the smoke will not back up into the basement. Then immediately checked again.

On kitchen ranges the same rule may be followed; after the fire has a good start, the damper should be closed, and just enough draft admitted at the ash gate or ventholes to produce the temperature desired. If a hot fire is desired, the vents may be opened more, but in all cases, keep the damper closed. This prevents the smoke from going out the chimney, and burns it up instead. Of course, a small amount of smoke will be seen at all times rising out of the chimney, but if the damper is closed, it will be negligible.

Coke is smokeless and sootless at all times, therefore a very desirable fuel, but many object to its use on the ground that it is not a successful fuel. Here, again, everything depends upon handling the drafts. Paper and wood are placed upon the grate, and a shovel or two of coke, with all drafts wide open until a red bed of fire is obtained. Not too much coke must be put on at first, as it chokes easily. When there is a good clear fire, add three more shovels, close pipe draft partly, open check draft and close large gate at bottom, leaving small gate open one notch until temperature desired is obtained. Then add more coke, put a think stick in the bottom of small gate, and close pipe draft nearly all the way.

### *Keeping the Birds With Us*

Those who love birds and would like them to stay on for the winter must give them a gilt-edged invitation to stay by putting out food and water in places where they are sure to see it. A bird which is assured of plenty of food during the winter will not migrate. A second-floor window sill near trees is an ideal place for a tray, shelter, and water, as the food and water can easily be put out through the window, and this window should preferably be a south or southeast one, where the sun may warm it, or on cloudy days, the north wind may not reach.

To keep the feathered summer songsters with us, one must protect them from the cold by having a little house for them, a tray of food, and water. This may all be attached to a small board, which, in turn, is hooked to the window sill, so that the whole thing may be removed whenever the windows must be washed, for, of course, this tedious, but necessary job

must be done at times, although care must be taken to choose a time when the small feathered tenant is out calling, so as not to frighten it away. The food may be the ordinary bird seed, bits of apple, and small pieces of suet. A window sill is safest, because only the bird can get at it, and there they are safe from cats, and from field mice, and squirrels, which might get the food up in a tree.

However, some might prefer placing the house, food, and water up in a tree. It is a little bit more inconvenient, since the ladder must be on hand at all times in order to replenish the materials. However, the small boy of the house might count it a privilege to climb up every day to keep the tray and the water can filled. The house, tray, and can may be nailed to a board and fastened across two limbs, facing the south. A small, artificial Christmas tree may also be nailed beside the other things, and festooned with sugared pop corn on a string for the birds to enjoy. It is a good idea to have the tray protected in some way from the wind and rain.

### *Making Use of Apples*

Apples are one of our staple winter fruits, and the ways of preparing them for the table are legion. First and foremost in the parade of apple goodies, without a doubt, is apple pie. Every small boy will agree to that; then, of course, there is apple sauce, and baked apples with sugar and cinnamon, and "apple strudel," a well-known and ecstatic Viennese concoction, to say nothing of apple butter and apple tarts and apple dumplings and apple pancakes, etc., etc. Those are all the old stand-by's.

But there are new ways too. There are apples baked in orange juice, with a deep hole cut down into the core and filled with pecan nut meats. Another way is to bake them with sugar and water, and five minutes before taking them out of the oven, put a marshmallow on top of each and allow to melt down the sides of the apples. Apple sauce is often improved if two or three slices of lemon are boiled in it. The lemon rind becomes tender and transparent, and may be eaten with the apples.

Another way is to hollow out bright red apples after first washing and polishing, and fill with the apple pulp, cut-up celery, dates and finely-chopped lettuce, mixing with salad dressing. Apple dumplings may be made according to a Viennese recipe by peeling, coring, sugaring well, and wrapping in a square of rolled-out biscuit dough. Then steamed for fifteen minutes over boiling water, or until tender, after which they are rolled in egg and bread-crumbs and fried a delicate brown in deep fat. Delicious? Try them! Serve hot, sprinkled thickly with powdered sugar.

Quartered apples may be sugared and placed in the bake pan all around thick pork chops, and baked all together. Quartered apples may also be dipped in thick, sweetened batter and slowly fried until tender; then served with honey or maple syrup, or simply dusted with powdered sugar. The real Vienna strudel is made by mixing three eggs, salt, flour and water until it is



a thick lump of dough; instead of rolling, the dough is pulled until as thin as paper. Apples, raisins, nuts, and butter are dotted all over, and it is then rolled up and baked.

### Household Hints

Coffee proportions: For weak coffee, 1 tablespoon of coffee to 1 cup water; Medium coffee, 2 tablespoons coffee to 1 cup water; Strong coffee, 3 tablespoons coffee to 1 cup water.

Never buy too much ground coffee at a time, unless it is in airtight tins. The oils escape, and the coffee tastes stale and flat if too old. Be sure to scrub out spouts and percolator tubes well with a tiny brush.

Place four of five thicknesses of white paper in the canary's cage, and each morning one can be lifted out and a clean floor is had without any trouble.

At table, never take bread with a fork, but with the fingers.

A house plant that is not doing well may be watered with strong soapsuds, as there may be worms at the roots. This drives them to the surface and they can then be destroyed.

To avoid face wrinkles, study to be habitually pleasant.

To enrich the earth about house plants, water with powdered glue, a tablespoon to a quart of water, dissolved thoroughly.

To clean a clock, saturate a lump of cotton with kerosene, place inside clock, and let remain for about three days. The fumes from the kerosene will clean the works.

### Recipes

**CHOCOLATE CUSTARD:** Place in mixing bowl 3 eggs and beat with 1 cup sugar and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt thoroughly. Scald 2 cups milk and pour over 2 squares of chocolate. Beat thoroughly until melted and when it has cooled slightly, pour into the egg and sugar, adding  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon vanilla, beating all together well. Pour into custard cups and place in baking pan on several thicknesses of paper, cut to fit pan, and surround with water. Then bake.

**PANCAKES FROM LEFT-OVER CEREAL:** Take the left-over cooked cereal, one or two cups, and thin out in mixing bowl with 1 cup milk, stirring until smooth. Add 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, and 2 teaspoons melted fat. Beat briskly, and then add enough milk to make a thin batter. Serve with jelly or syrup—corn or maple.

**PECAN PIE:** Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound butter with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar. Add 3 whole eggs,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup molasses and juice of 1 lemon. Beat well with egg beater. Add 1 cup of pecan chips and beat again. Pour into pie crust and bake ten minutes in hot oven. Serve cold with whipped cream piled on top.

### Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Continued from page 419)

once pupils of the Gray Nuns, and trained by them to

become experts with the needle. A few days ago one woman brought thirty-two pairs of trousers that she had made up from old overcoats sent by benefactors. Another very old lady brought in a large number of boys' waists that she had made from used clothing. The sister matron was particularly pleased with the painstaking and diligent work. Many people think the Indian is lazy; Father Ambrose states his experience with them is quite to the contrary. He seems lazy because there is nothing for him to do, but when opportunity offers, he is as diligent and willing to work as any white man.

Sister Jude, one of our Gray Nuns, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of her connection with the missions at Fort Totten on August 18. Her career has been one of pronounced success in the humbler duties of the mission. Only God knows the extent of her sacrifices in the care of these little ones so dear to His Heart. She handles in a large measure the used clothing that comes in, and appreciates greatly the generosity of those who send it, thus seconding her own whole-hearted efforts.

### THOSE WHO SENT RELIGIOUS ARTICLES

T. J. Lyons, Yonkers, N. Y.; G. O'Halloran, Indianapolis; Mrs. Anna O'Leary, Cleveland, O.; A. Carey, Detroit; Miss A. Cizmowski, Brooklyn; Mrs. Laura Schulz, New Orleans; Mrs. C. E. Bennett, Islip, L. I., N. Y.; Mrs. B. Schmid, San Francisco; Mrs. A. B. Simon, Phila., Pa.; Isabella Mulan, N. Y. C.; Margaret Tapp, Ottawa, Ont., Can.; Mrs. H. K. Fites, Winamac, Ind.; Donor, Chicago; Mary Schaffer, Akron, O.; S. Carroll, Detroit; Berton Driskell, Indianapolis; Pauline Zuebelen, Jamestown, O.; Miss R. M. Legere, Hartford, Conn.; Mrs. F. W. Potvin, Greenwich, N. Y.; Miss Mary Zender, St. James, Minn.

### BEADWORK AND EMBROIDERY

Handbags, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, beaded. Woven necklaces, \$1.00. War club, beaded handle, stone head, \$2.00. Moccasins, \$3.00, adult, give length in inches. Children's \$1.50. Babies' 75c. Dolls' 25c. Mourning and colored neck beads, 35c. Bead flowers, to wear on coat or evening dress, 50c and 75c. Napkin rings, beaded, 25c. Silk quilt top, crazy-patch, feather-stitched, \$7.00.

**EMBROIDERY:** 36-inch lunch cloth with four napkins, \$2.00. Large emb. scarves, \$2.00. Small, \$1.00. Tea towels, emb., 25c each. Emb. knife and fork cases, 50c each. Emb. pot holders, 25c each. Tea towel with potholder in pocket, 50c, emb. Emb. tea aprons, 75c and \$1. Emb. bolster sham, \$1.50. Buffet sets, 1 large doily and 2 small, \$1 each set. Large round centerpiece with crocheted edge, 75c. Round luncheon cloth, crocheted edge, \$2.00. 2 buffet scarves, \$1.25 each. Emb. carriage quilt, \$1.50 each.

Buy now, for holiday gifts, or prizes for lotto, bridge or church bazaar. Write Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



## ONE BOOK EACH MONTH

**E**ACH month a Board of Editors selects for THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN'S BOOK A MONTH CLUB a book of general interest and outstanding merit. By special arrangement with the publishers of this magazine it will DELIVER A BOOK EACH MONTH TO YOU.

You are assured of a high degree of literary merit—a pleasing variety of reading—a constant supply of entertaining volumes—beautiful cloth bindings with specially designed jackets. TREMENDOUS VALUE AND CONVENIENT SERVICE.

Good literature in the home is now more necessary than ever. The Catholic Layman's Book a Month Club

chooses from among thousands of books in its endeavor to provide the best, and offers books which, after reading, you will be glad to add to your personal library.

You obtain these with a minimum of effort and at a maximum saving in cost. You help to promote the good work which this magazine is doing by becoming a member.

***Join now—watch for next month's announcement***

THE CATHOLIC LAYMAN'S BOOK A MONTH CLUB  
THE ABBEY PRESS, ST. MEINRAD, IND.

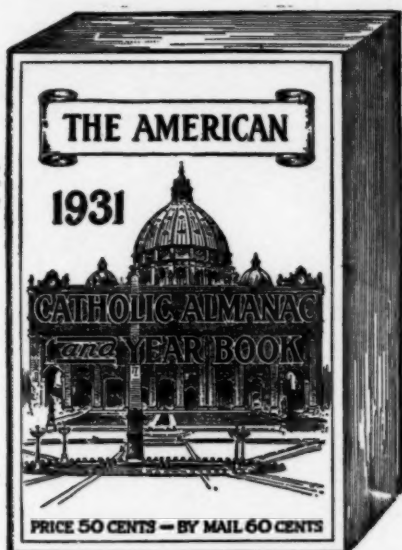
I enclose <sup>(check)</sup> ~~(money order)~~ for \$16.75 for one year's membership in the CATHOLIC LAYMAN'S BOOK A MONTH CLUB and I understand that I will receive one book each month postpaid for 12 months.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....



*At Last—It's Here*

## THE ONE BOOK

Catholic Men and Women  
Have Long Wanted

A Compendium of Knowledge

A Treasury of Information

### *Can You Answer These Questions?*

What's the difference between the Catholic and the Protestant Bible?

Why can't a Catholic be a Freemason, or join Secret Societies?

The Bible speaks of the brothers and sisters of Jesus. Can you explain that?

Why is the Catholic Church opposed to Cremation?

What is the difference between the Greek Catholic and the Roman Catholic Church?

Who founded the different Religious Orders?

What's the difference between a secular priest and an Order priest?

Why do some priests marry?

What is Dogmatism?

When and by whom were the different nations converted to Christianity?

Did you ever hear of the Prophecies attributed to St. Malachy as regards the Popes?

What is a Papal Bull?

Why does the Church condemn Birth Control?

Who is the Black Pope?

Can you explain the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception?

What is original sin?

It is said there was once a female Pope. Was there?

Why is Latin the language of the Church?

When and Why was the Sabbath changed to Sunday?

Did you ever hear of Theresa Neumann—the stigmatic girl of Konnersreuth?

What is a "privileged altar"?

What is the College of Cardinals?

What is the difference between Heresy and Schism?

Do you know the facts with regard to the Marlborough-Vanderbilt marriage? Or the Marconi-O'Brien case?

What is the attitude of the Church on Mixed Marriages?

Why was Rudolph Valentino buried from a Catholic Church in spite of his marital mix-ups?

Have you ever heard of the terrible K. of C. Oath?

What is the law of the Church on Marriage?

Why are Anglican Orders invalid?

What is the Index of Prohibited Books?

These and hundreds of other questions you have often wondered about are answered in the

### 1931 CATHOLIC ALMANAC AND YEAR BOOK

It will solve a hundred difficulties that have been troubling you

#### The Year Book Section

is replete with interesting facts and valuable data and statistics about Catholic Societies, Clubs, organizations, Catholic population, schools, summer camps, biographical sketches of all the Bishops, Papal Encyclicals issued during the year, including the recent Encyclical on Marriage, in full; etc.

A handbook of popular information on all Catholic subjects. Just the kind of book for yourself—and for some of your non-Catholic friends. The edition is limited. Order today. Price 50 cents; 60 cents by mail.

**The Abbey Press**  
**Book Dept., St. Meinrad, Ind.**

#### The Abbey Press

Book Dept., St. Meinrad, Ind.

I am enclosing ..... for which send  
..... copies of the 1931 CATHOLIC AL-  
MANAC AND YEAR BOOK.

Name .....

Street Address .....

City and State.....



*We Now Pay*

*4  $\frac{1}{2}$ %*

*Interest*

*On Loans of*

*Not Less Than \$1,000*

*St. Meinrad's Abbey*

*St. Meinrad, Indiana*

